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*CANADIAN BORN.*<sup>1</sup>

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CHAPTER XI.

A DAY of showers and breaking clouds—of sudden sunlight, and broad clefts of blue ; a day when shreds of mist are lightly looped and meshed about the higher peaks of the Rockies and the Selkirks, dividing the forest world below from the ice world above. . . .

The car was slowly descending the Kicking Horse Pass, at the rear of a heavy train. Elizabeth, on her platform, was feasting her eyes once more on the great savage landscape, on these peaks and valleys that have never till now known man, save as the hunter, treading them once or twice perhaps in a century. Dreamily her mind contrasted them with the Alps, where from all time man has laboured and sheltered, blending his life, his births and deaths, his loves and hates with the glaciers and the forests, wresting his food from the valleys, creeping height over height to the snow line, writing his will on the country, so that in our thought of it he stands first, and Nature second. The Swiss mountains and streams breathe a 'mighty voice,' lent to them by the free passion and aspiration of man ; they are interfused and interwoven for ever with human fate. But in the Rockies and the Selkirks man counts for nothing in their past ; and, except as wayfarer and playfellow, it is probable that he will count for nothing in their future. They will never be the familiar companions of his work and prayer and love ; a couple of railways, indeed, will soon be driving through them, linking the

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life of the prairies to the life of the Pacific ; but, except for this conquest of them as barriers in his path, when his summer camps in them are struck, they, sheeted in a winter inaccessible and superb, know him and his puny deeds no more, till again the lakes melt and the trees bud. This it is that gives them their strange majesty, and clothes their brief summer, their laughing fields of flowers, their thickets of red raspberry and slopes of strawberry, their infinity of gleaming lakes and foaming rivers—rivers that turn no mill and light no town—with a charm, half magical, half mocking.

And yet, though the travelled intelligence made comparisons of this kind, it was not with the mountains that Elizabeth's deepest mind was busy. She took really keener note of the railway itself, and its appurtenances. For here man had expressed himself ; had pitched his battle with a fierce nature and won it ; as no doubt he will win other similar battles in the coming years. Through Anderson this battle had become real to her. She looked eagerly at the construction camps in the pass ; at the new line that is soon to supersede the old ; at the bridges and tunnels and snow-sheds, by which contriving man had made his purpose prevail over the physical forces of this wild world. The great railway spoke to her in terms of human life ; and because she had known Anderson she understood its message.

Secretly and sorely her thoughts clung to him. Just as, insensibly, her vision of Canada had changed, so had her vision of Anderson. Canada was no longer mere fairy tale and romance ; Anderson was no longer merely its picturesque exponent or representative. She had come to realise him as a man, with a man's cares and passions ; and her feelings about him had begun to change her life.

Arthur Delaine, she supposed, had meant to warn her that Mr. Anderson was falling in love with her and that she had no right to encourage it. Her thoughts went back intently over the last fortnight—Anderson's absences—his partial withdrawal from the intimacy which had grown up between himself and her—their last walk at Lake Louise. The delight of that walk was still in her veins, and at last she was frank with herself about it ! In his attitude towards her, now that she forced herself to face the truth, she must needs recognise a passionate eagerness, restrained no less passionately ; a profound impulse, strongly felt, and strongly held back. By mere despair of attainment ?—or by the scruple of an honourable self-control ?

Could she—*could* she marry a Canadian? There was the central question, out at last!—irrevocable!—writ large on the mountains and the forests, as she sped through them. Could she, possessed by inheritance of all that is most desirable and delightful in English society, linked with its great interests and its dominant class, and through them with the rich cosmopolitan life of cultivated Europe—could she tear herself from that old soil, and that dear familiar environment? Had the plant vitality enough to bear transplanting? She did not put her question in these terms; but that was what her sudden tumult and distress of mind really meant.

Looking up, she saw Delaine beside her. Well, there was Europe, and at her feet! For the last month she had been occupied in scorning it. English country-house life, artistic society and pursuits, London in the season, Paris and Rome in the spring, English social and political influence—there they were beside her. She had only to stretch out her hand.

A chill, uncomfortable laughter seemed to fill the inner mind through which the debate passed, while all the time she was apparently looking at the landscape, and chatting with her brother or Delaine. She fell into an angry contempt for that mood of imaginative delight in which she had journeyed through Canada so far. What! treat a great nation in the birth as though it were there for her mere pleasure and entertainment? Make of it a mere spectacle and pageant, and turn with disgust from the notion that you too could ever throw in your lot with it, fight as a foot-soldier in its ranks, on equal terms, for life and death!

She despised herself. And yet—and yet! She thought of her mother—her frail, refined, artistic mother; of a hundred subtleties and charms and claims, in that world she understood, in which she had been reared; of all that she must leave behind, were she asked, and did she consent, to share the life of a Canadian of Anderson's type. What would it be to fail in such a venture! To dare it, and then to find life sinking in sands of cowardice and weakness! Very often, and sometimes as though by design, Anderson had spoken to her of the part to be played by women in Canada; not in the defensive, optimistic tone of their last walk together, but forbiddingly, with a kind of rough insistence. Substantial comfort, a large amount of applied science—that could be got. But the elegancies and refinements of English rich life in a prairie farm—impossible! A woman who marries a Canadian farmer, large or small, must put her own hands to the drudgery of

life, to the cooking, sewing, baking, that keep man—animal man—alive. A certain amount of rude service money can command in the North-West; but it is a service which only the housewife's personal co-operation can make tolerable. Life returns, in fact, to the old primitive pattern; and a woman counts on the prairie according as 'she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.'

Suddenly Elizabeth perceived her own hands lying on her lap. Useless bejewelled things! When had they ever fed a man or nursed a child?

Under her gauze veil she coloured fiercely. If the housewife, in her primitive meaning and office, is vital to Canada, still more is the house-mother. 'Bear me sons and daughters; people my wastes!' seems to be the cry of the land itself. Deep in Elizabeth's being there stirred instincts and yearnings which life had so far stifled in her. She shivered as though some voice, passionate and yet austere, spoke to her from this great spectacle of mountain and water through which she was passing.

'There he is!' cried Philip, craning his head to look ahead along the train.

Anderson stood waiting for them on the Field platform. Very soon he was seated beside her, outside the car, while Philip lounged in the doorway, and Delaine inside, having done his duty to the Kicking Horse Pass, was devoting himself to a belated number of the 'Athenæum' which had just reached him.

Philip had stored up a string of questions as to the hunting of goat in the Rockies, and impatiently produced them. Anderson replied, but, as Elizabeth immediately perceived, with a complete lack of his usual animation. He spoke with effort, occasionally stumbling over his words. She could not help looking at him curiously, and presently even Philip noticed something wrong.

'I say, Anderson!—what have you been doing to yourself? You look as though you had been knocking up.'

'I have been a bit driven this week,' said Anderson, with a start. 'Oh, nothing! You must look at this piece of line.'

And as they ran down the long ravine from Field to Golden, beside a river which all the way seems to threaten the gliding train by the savage force of its descent, he played the showman. The epic of the C.P.R.—no one knew it better, and no one could recite it more vividly than he.



So also, as they left the Rockies behind ; as they sped along the Columbia between the Rockies to their right and the Selkirks to their left ; or as they turned away from the Columbia, and, on the flanks of the Selkirks, began to mount that forest valley which leads to Rogers' Pass, he talked freely and well, exerting himself to the utmost. The hopes and despairs, the endurances and ambitions of the first explorers who ever broke into that fierce solitude, he could reproduce them ; for, though himself of a younger generation, yet by sympathy he had lived them. And if he had not been one of the builders of the line, in the incessant guardianship which preserves it from day to day, he had at one time played a prominent part, battling with Nature for it, summer and winter.

Delaine, at last, came out to listen. Philip in the grip of his first hero-worship, lay silent and absorbed, watching the face and gestures of the speaker. Elizabeth sat with her eyes turned away from Anderson towards the wild valley, as they rose and rose above it. She listened ; but her heart was full of new anxieties. What had happened to him ? She felt him changed. He was talking purely for their pleasure, by a strong effort of will ; that she realised. When could she get him alone ?—her friend !—who was clearly in distress.

They approached the famous bridges on the long ascent. Yerkes came running through the car to point out with pride the place where the Grand Duchess had fainted beneath the terrors of the line. With only the railing of their little platform between them and the abyss, they ran over ravines hundreds of feet deep—the valley, a thousand feet sheer, below. And in that valley not a sign of house, of path ; only black impenetrable forest—huge cedars and Douglas pines, filling up the bottoms, choking the river with their débris, climbing up the further sides, towards the gleaming line of peaks.

'It is a nightmare !' said Delaine involuntarily, looking round him.

Elizabeth laughed, a bright colour in her cheeks. Again the wildness ran through her blood, answering the challenge of Nature. Faint !—she was more inclined to sing or shout. And with the exhilaration, physical and mental, that stole upon her, there mingled secretly, the first thrill of passion she had ever known. Anderson sat beside her, once more silent after his burst of talk. She was vividly conscious of him—of his bare curly head—of certain lines of fatigue and suffering in the bronzed face. And it was conveyed to her that, although he was clearly preoccupied and sad, he was yet

conscious of her in the same way. Once, as they were passing the highest bridge of all, where, carried on a great steel arch that has replaced the older trestles, the rails run naked and gleaming, without the smallest shred of wall or parapet, across a gash in the mountain up which they were creeping, and at a terrific height above the valley, Elizabeth, who was sitting with her back to the engine, bent suddenly to one side, leaning over the little railing and looking ahead—that she might if possible get a clearer sight of Mount Macdonald, the giant at whose feet lies Rogers' Pass. Suddenly, as her weight pressed against the ironwork where only that morning a fastening had been mended, she felt a grip on her arm. She drew back, startled.

'I beg your pardon!' said Anderson, smiling, but a trifle paler than before. 'I'm not troubled with nerves for myself, but—'

He did not complete the sentence, and Elizabeth could find nothing to say.

'Why, Elizabeth's not afraid!' cried Philip, scornfully.

'This is Rogers' Pass, and here we are at the top of the Selkirks,' said Anderson, rising. 'The train will wait here some twenty minutes. Perhaps you would like to walk about.'

They descended, all but Philip, who grumbled at the cold, wrapped himself in a rug inside the car, and summoned Yerkes to bring him a cup of coffee.

On this height indeed, and beneath the precipices of Mount Macdonald, which rise some five thousand feet perpendicularly above the railway, the air was chill and the clouds had gathered. On the right, ran a line of glacier-laden peaks, calling to their fellows across the pass. The ravine itself, darkly magnificent, made a gulf of shadow out of which rose glacier and snow slope, now veiled and now revealed by scudding cloud. Heavy rain had not long since fallen on the pass; the small stream, winding and looping through the narrow strip of desolate ground which marks the summit, roared in flood through marshy growths of dank weed and stunted shrub; and the noise reverberated from the mountain walls, pressing straight and close on either hand.

'Hark!' cried Elizabeth, standing still, her face and her light dress beaten by the wind.

A sound which was neither thunder nor the voice of the stream rose and swelled and filled the pass. Another followed it. Anderson pointed to the snowy crags of Mount Macdonald, and there,

leaping from ledge to ledge, they saw the summer avalanches descend, roaring as they came, till they sank engulfed in a vaporous whirl of snow.

Delaine tried to persuade Elizabeth to return to the car—in vain. He himself returned thither for a warmer coat, and she and Anderson walked on alone.

‘The Rockies were fine!—but the Selkirks are superb!’

She smiled at him as she spoke, as though she thanked him personally for the grandeur round them. Her slender form seemed to have grown in stature and in energy. The mountain rain was on her fresh cheek and her hair; a blue veil eddying round her head and face framed the brilliance of her eyes. Those who had known Elizabeth in Europe would hardly have recognised her here. The spirit of earth’s wild and virgin places had mingled with her spirit, and as she had grown in sympathy, so also she had grown in beauty. Anderson looked at her from time to time in enchantment, grudging every minute that passed. The temptation strengthened to tell her his trouble. But how, or when?

As he turned to her he saw that she, too, was gazing at him with an anxious, wistful expression, her lips parted as though to speak.

He bent over her.

‘What was that?’ exclaimed Elizabeth, looking round her.

They had passed beyond the station where the train was at rest. But the sound of shouts pursued them. Anderson distinguished his own name. A couple of railway officials had left the station and were hurrying towards them.

A sudden thought struck Anderson. He held up his hand with a gesture as though to ask Lady Merton not to follow, and himself ran back to the station.

Elizabeth, from where she stood, saw the passengers all pouring out of the train on to the platform. Even Philip emerged and waved to her. She slowly returned, and meanwhile Anderson had disappeared.

She found an excited crowd of travellers and a babel of noise. Delaine hurried to her.

It appeared that an extraordinary thing had happened. The train immediately in front of them, carrying mail and express cars but no passengers, had been ‘held up’ by a gang of train-robbers, at a spot between Sicamous junction and Kamloops. In order to break open the mail-van the robbers had employed a charge of

dynamite, which had wrecked the car and caused some damage to the line; enough to block the permanent way for some hours.

'And Philip has just opened this telegram for you.'

Delaine handed it to her. It was from the District Superintendent, expressing great regret for the interruption to their journey, and suggesting that they should spend the night at the hotel at Glacier.

'Which I understand is only four miles off, the other side of the pass,' said Delaine. 'Was there ever anything more annoying!'

Elizabeth's face expressed an utter bewilderment.

'A train held up in Canada—and on the C.P.R.—impossible!'

An elderly man in front of her heard what she said, and turned upon her a face purple with wrath.

'You may well say that, Madam! We are a law-abiding nation. We don't put up with the pranks they play in Montana. They say the scoundrels have got off. If we don't catch them, Canada's disgraced.'

'I say, Elizabeth,' cried Philip, pushing his way to her through the crowd, 'there's been a lot of shooting. There's some Mounted Police here, we picked up at Revelstoke, on their way to help catch these fellows. I've been talking to them. The police from Kamloops came upon them just as they were making off with a pretty pile—boxes full of money for some of the banks in Vancouver. The police fired, so did the robbers. One of the police was killed, and one of the thieves. Then the rest got off. I say, let's go and help hunt them!'

The boy's eyes danced with the joy of adventure.

'If they've any sense they'll send bloodhounds after them,' said the elderly man, fiercely. 'I helped catch a murderer with my own hands that way, last summer, near the Arrow Lakes.'

'Where is Mr. Anderson?'

The question escaped Elizabeth involuntarily. She had not meant to put it. But it was curious that he should have left them in the lurch at this particular moment.

'Take your seats!' cried the station-master, making his way through the crowded platform. 'This train goes as far as Sicamous Junction only. Any passenger who wishes to break his journey will find accommodation at Glacier—next station.'

The English travellers were hurried back into their car. Still no sign of Anderson. Yerkes was only able to tell them that he had seen Anderson go into the station-master's private room with a

couple of the mounted police. He might have come out again, or he might not. Yerkes had been too well occupied in exciting gossip with all his many acquaintances in the train and the station to notice.

The conductor went along the train, shutting the doors. Yerkes standing on the inside platform called to him :

‘ Have you seen Mr. Anderson ? ’

The man shook his head, but another standing by, evidently an official of some kind, looked round and ran up to the car.

‘ I’m sorry, madam,’ he said, addressing Elizabeth, who was standing in the doorway, ‘ but Mr. Anderson isn’t at liberty just now. He’ll be travelling with the police.’

And as he spoke a door in the station building opened, and Anderson came out, accompanied by two constables of the mounted police and two or three officials. They walked hurriedly along the train and got into an empty compartment together. Immediately afterwards the train moved off.

‘ Well, I wonder what’s up now ! ’ said Philip in astonishment. ‘ Do you suppose Anderson’s got some clue to the men ? ’

Delaine looked uncomfortably at Elizabeth. As an old adviser and servant of the railway, extensively acquainted moreover with the population—settled or occasional—of the district, it was very natural that Anderson should be consulted on such an event. And yet—Delaine had caught a glimpse of his aspect on his way along the platform, and had noticed that he never looked towards the car. Some odd conjectures ran through his mind.

Elizabeth sat silent, looking back on the grim defile the train was just leaving. It was evident that they had passed the watershed, and the train was descending. In a few minutes they would be at Glacier.

She roused herself to hold a rapid consultation over plans.

They must of course do as they were advised, and spend the night at Glacier.

The train drew up.

‘ Well, of all the nuisances ! ’—cried Philip, disgusted, as they prepared to leave the car.

Yerkes, like the showman that he was, began to descant volubly on the advantages and charms of the hotel, its Swiss guides, and the distinguished travellers who stayed there ; dragging rugs and bags meanwhile out of the car. Nobody listened to him.

Everybody in the little party, as they stood forlornly on the platform, was in truth searching for Anderson.

And at last he came—hurrying along towards them. His face, set, strained, and colourless, bore the stamp of calamity. But he gave them no time to question him.

‘I am going on,’ he said hastily to Elizabeth; ‘they will look after you here. I will arrange everything for you as soon as possible, and if we don’t meet before, perhaps—in Vancouver——’

‘I say, are you going to hunt the robbers?’ asked Philip, catching his arm.

Anderson made no reply. He turned to Delaine, drew him aside a moment, and put a letter into his hand.

‘My father was one of them,’ he said, without emotion, ‘and is dead. I have asked you to tell Lady Merton.’

There was a call for him. The train was already moving. He jumped into it, and was gone.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE station and hotel at Sicamous junction, overlooking the lovely Mara lake, were full of people—busy officials of different kinds, or excited on-lookers—when Anderson reached them. The long summer day was just passing into a night that was rather twilight than darkness, and in the lower country the heat was great. Far away to the north stretched the wide and straggling waters of another and larger lake. Woods of poplar and cotton-wood grew along its swampy shore, and hills, forest clad, held it in a shallow cup flooded with the mingled light of sunset and moonlight.

Anderson was met by a District Superintendent, of the name of Dixon, as he descended from the train. The young man, with whom he was slightly acquainted, looked at him with excitement.

‘This is a precious bad business! If you can throw any light upon it, Mr. Anderson, we shall be uncommonly obliged to you——’

Anderson interrupted him.

‘Is the inquest to be held here?’

‘Certainly. The bodies were brought in a few hours ago.’

His companion pointed to a shed beyond the station. They walked thither, the Superintendent describing in detail the attack on the train and the measures taken for the capture of the marauders, Anderson listening in silence. The affair had taken

place early that morning, but the telegraph wires had been cut in several places on both sides of the damaged line, so that no precise news of what had happened had reached either Vancouver on the west, or Golden on the east, till the afternoon. The whole countryside was now in movement, and a vigorous man-hunt was proceeding on both sides of the line.

'There is no doubt the whole thing was planned by a couple of men from Montana, one of whom was certainly concerned in the hold-up there a few months ago and got clean away. But there were six or seven of them altogether, and most of the rest—we suspect—from this side of the boundary. The old man who was killed'—Anderson raised his eyes abruptly to the speaker—'seems to have come from Nevada. There were some cuttings from a Comstock newspaper found upon him, besides the envelope addressed to you, of which I sent you word at Rogers' Pass. Could you recognise anything in my description of the man? There was one thing I forgot to say. He had evidently been in the doctor's hands lately. There is a surgical bandage on the right ankle.'

'Was there nothing in the envelope?' asked Anderson, putting the question aside, in spite of the evident eagerness of the questioner.

'Nothing.'

'And where is it?'

'It was given to the Kamloops coroner, who has just arrived.' Anderson said nothing more. They had reached the shed, which his companion unlocked. Inside were two rough tables on trestles and lying on them two sheeted forms.

Dixon uncovered the first, and Anderson looked steadily down at the face beneath. Death had wrought its strange ironic miracle once more, and out of the face of an outcast had made the face of a sage. There was little disfigurement; the eyes were closed with dignity; the mouth seemed to have unlearned its coarseness. Silently the tension of Anderson's inner being gave way; he was conscious of a passionate acceptance of the mere stillness and dumbness of death.

'Where was the wound?' he asked, stooping over the body.

'Ah, that was the strange thing! He didn't die of his wound at all! It was a mere graze on the arm.' The Superintendent pointed to a rent on the coat-sleeve. 'He died of something quite different—perhaps excitement and a weak heart. There may have to be a post-mortem.'



'I doubt whether that will be necessary,' said Anderson.

The other looked at him with undisguised curiosity.

'Then you do recognise him?'

'I will tell the coroner what I know.'

Anderson drew back from his close examination of the dead face, and began in his turn to question the Superintendent. Was it certain that this man had been himself concerned in the hold-up and in the struggle with the police?'

Dixon did not see how there could be any doubt of it. The constables who had rushed in upon the gang while they were still looting the express car—the brakesman having managed to get away and convey the alarm to Kamloops—remembered seeing an old man with white hair, apparently lame, at the rear of the more active thieves, and posted as a sentinel. He had been the first to give warning of the police approach, and had levelled his revolver at the foremost constable, but had missed his shot. In the free firing which had followed nobody exactly knew what had happened. One of the attacking force, Constable Brown, had fallen, and while his comrades were attempting to save him, the thieves had dropped down the steep bank of the river close by, into a boat waiting for them, and got off. The constable was left dead upon the ground, and not far from him lay the old man, also lifeless. But when they came to examine the bodies, while the constable was shot through the head, the other had received nothing but the trifling wound Dixon had already pointed out.

Anderson listened to the story in silence. Then with a last long look at the rigid features below him, he replaced the covering. Passing on to the other table, he raised the sheet from the face of a splendid young Englishman, whom he had last seen the week before at Regina; an English public-school boy of the manliest type, full of hope for himself, and of enthusiasm, both for Canada and for the fine body of men in which he had been just promoted. For the first time a stifled groan escaped from Anderson's lips. What hand had done this murder?

They left the shed. Anderson inquired what doctor had been sent for. He recognised the name given as that of a Kamloops man whom he knew and respected; and he went on to look for him at the hotel.

For some time he and the doctor paced a trail beside the line together. Among other facts that Anderson got from this conversation, he learnt that the police of Nevada had been telegraphed

to, and that a couple of constables from there were coming to assist the Canadian police. They were expected the following morning, when also the coroner's inquest would be held.

As to Anderson's own share in the interview, when the two men parted, with a silent grasp of the hand, the Doctor had nothing to say to the bystanders, except that Mr. Anderson would have some evidence to give on the morrow, and that, for himself, he was not at liberty to divulge what had passed between them.

It was by this time late. Anderson shut himself up in his room at the hotel; but among the groups lounging at the bar or in the neighbourhood of the station excitement and discussion ran high. The envelope addressed to Anderson, Anderson's own demeanour since his arrival on the scene—with the meaning of both conjecture was busy.

Towards midnight a train arrived from Field. A messenger from the station knocked at Anderson's door with a train letter. Anderson locked the door again behind the man who had brought it, and stood looking at it a moment in silence. It was from Lady Merton. He opened it slowly, took it to the small deal table, which held a paraffin lamp, and sat down to read it.

'DEAR MR. ANDERSON,—Mr. Delaine has given me your message and read me some of your letter to him. He has also told me what he knew before—we understood that you worked it. Oh! I cannot say how sorry we are, Philip and I, for your great trouble. It makes me sore at heart to think that all the time you have been looking after us so kindly, taking this infinite pains for us, you have had this heavy anxiety on your mind. Oh, why didn't you tell me! I thought we were to be friends. And now this tragedy! It is terrible—terrible! Your father has been his own worst enemy—and at last death has come—and he has escaped himself. Is there not some comfort in that? And you tried to save him. I can imagine all that you have been doing and planning for him. It is not lost, dear Mr. Anderson. No love and pity are ever lost. They are undying—for they are God's life in us. They are the pledge—the sign—to which He is eternally bound. He will surely, surely, redeem—and fulfil.

'I write incoherently, for they are waiting for my letter. I want you to write to me, if you will. And when will you come back to us? We shall, I think, be two or three days here, for Philip has made friends with a man we have met here—a surveyor, who has been camping high up, and shooting wild goat. He is determined to go for an expedition with him, and I have had to telegraph to the Lieutenant-Governor to ask him not to expect us till Thursday. So if you were to come back here before then you would still find us. I don't know that I could be of any use to you, or any consolation to you. But, indeed, I would try.

'To-morrow I am told will be the inquest. My thoughts will be with you constantly. By now you will have determined on your line of action. I only know that it will be noble and upright—like yourself.

'I remain, yours most sincerely,

'ELIZABETH MERTON.'

Anderson pressed the letter to his lips. Its tender philosophising found no echo in his own mind. But it soothed, because it came from her.

He lay dressed and wakeful on his bed through the night, and at nine next morning the inquest opened, in the coffee-room of the hotel.

The body of the young constable was first identified. As to the hand which had fired the shot that killed him, there was no certain evidence; one of the police had seen the lame man with the white hair level his revolver again after the first miss; but there was much shooting going on, and no one could be sure from what quarter the fatal bullet had come.

The court then proceeded to the identification of the dead robber. The coroner, a rancher who bred the best horses in the district, called first upon two strangers in plain clothes, who had arrived by the first train from the South that morning. They proved to be the two constables from Nevada. They had already examined the body, and they gave clear and unhesitating evidence, identifying the old man as one Alexander McEwen, well known to the police of the silver-mining State as a lawless and dangerous character. He had been twice in jail, and had been the associate of the notorious Bill Symonds in one or two criminal affairs connected with 'faked' claims and the like. The elder of the two constables in particular drew a vivid and damning picture of the man's life and personality, of the cunning with which he had evaded the law, and the ruthlessness with which he had avenged one or two private grudges.

'We have reason to suppose,' said the American officer finally, 'that McEwen was not originally a native of the States. We believe that he came from Dawson City or the neighbourhood about ten years ago, and that he crossed the border in consequence of a mysterious affair—which has never been cleared up—in which a rich German gentleman, Baron von Aeschenbach, disappeared, and has not been heard of since. Of that, however, we have no proof, and we cannot supply the court with any information as to the man's real origin and early history. But we are prepared to swear that the body we have seen this morning is that of Alexander McEwen, who for some years past has been well known to us, now in one camp, now in another, of the Comstock district.'

The American police officer resumed his seat. George Anderson,

who was to the right of the coroner, had sat, all through this witness's evidence, bending forward, his eyes on the ground, his hands clasped between his knees. There was something in the rigidity of his attitude, which gradually compelled the attention of the onlookers, as though the perception gained ground that here—in that stillness—those bowed shoulders—lay the real interest of this sordid outrage, which had so affronted the pride of Canada's great railway.

The coroner rose. He briefly expressed the thanks of the court to the Nevada State authorities for having so promptly supplied the information in their possession with regard to this man McEwen. He would now ask Mr. George Anderson, of the C.P.R., whether he could in any way assist the court in this investigation. An empty envelope, fully addressed to Mr. George Anderson, Ginnell's Boarding House, Laggan, Alberta, had, strangely enough, been found in McEwen's pocket. Could Mr. Anderson throw any light upon the matter?

Anderson stood up as the coroner handed him the envelope. He took it, looked at it, and slowly put it down on the table before him. He was perfectly composed, but there was that in his aspect which instantly hushed all sounds in the crowded room, and drew the eyes of everybody in it upon him. The Kamloops doctor looked at him from a distance with a sudden twitching smile—the smile of a reticent man in whom strong feeling must somehow find a physical expression. Dixon, the young superintendent, bent forward eagerly. At the back of the room a group of Japanese railway workers, with their round, yellow faces and half-opened eyes, stared impassively at the tall figure of the fair-haired Canadian; and through windows and doors, thrown open to the heat, shimmered lake and forest, the eternal background of Canada.

'Mr. Coroner,' said Anderson, straightening himself to his full height, 'the name of the man into whose death you are inquiring is not Alexander McEwen. He came from Scotland to Manitoba in 1869. His real name was Robert Anderson, and I—am his son.'

The coroner gave an involuntary 'Ah!' of amazement, which was echoed, it seemed, throughout the room.

On one of the small deal tables belonging to the coffee-room, which had been pushed aside to make room for the sitting of the court, lay the newspapers of the morning—the 'Vancouver

Sentinel' and the 'Montreal Star.' Both contained short and flattering articles on the important Commission entrusted to Mr. George Anderson by the Prime Minister. 'A great compliment to so young a man,' said the 'Star,' 'but one amply deserved by Mr. Anderson's record. We look forward on his behalf to a brilliant career, honourable both to himself and to Canada.'

Several persons had already knocked at Anderson's door early that morning in order to congratulate him; but without finding him. And this honoured and fortunate person——?

Men pushed each other forward in their eagerness not to lose a word, or a shade of expression on the pale face which confronted them.

Anderson, after a short pause, as though to collect himself, gave the outlines of his father's early history, of the farm in Manitoba, the fire and its consequences, the breach between Robert Anderson and his sons. He described the struggle of the three boys on the farm, their migration to Montreal in search of education, and his own later sojourn in the Yukon, with the evidence which had convinced him of his father's death.

'Then, only a fortnight ago, he appeared at Laggan and made himself known to me, having followed me apparently from Winnipeg. He seemed to be in great poverty, and in bad health. If he had wished it, I was prepared to acknowledge him; but he seemed not to wish it; there were no doubt reasons why he preferred to keep his assumed name. I did what I could for him, and arrangements had been made to put him with decent people at Vancouver. But last Wednesday night he disappeared from the boarding-house where he and I were both lodging, and various persons here will know'—he glanced at one or two faces in the ring before him—'that I have been making inquiries since, with no result. As to what or who led him into this horrible business, I know nothing. The Nevada police have told you that he was acquainted with Symonds—a fact unknown to me—and I noticed on one or two occasions that he seemed to have acquaintances among the men tramping west to the Kootenay district. I can only imagine that after his success in Montana last year, Symonds made up his mind to try the same game on the C.P.R., and that during the last fortnight he came somehow into communication with my father. My father must have been aware of Symonds' plans—and may have been unable at the last to resist the temptation

to join in the scheme. As to all that I am entirely in the dark.'

He paused, and then, looking down, he added, under his breath, as though involuntarily—

'I pray—that he may not have been concerned in the murder of poor Brown. But there is—I think—no evidence to connect him with it. I shall be glad to answer to the best of my power any questions that the court may wish to put.'

He sat down heavily, very pale, but entirely collected. The room watched him a moment, and then a friendly, encouraging murmur seemed to rise from the crowd—to pass from them to Anderson.

The coroner, who was an old friend of Anderson's, fidgeted a little and in silence. He took off his glasses and put them on again. His tanned face, long and slightly twisted, with square harsh brows, and powerful jaw set in a white fringe of whisker, showed an unusual amount of disturbance. At last he said, clearing his throat: 'We are much obliged to you, Mr. Anderson, for your frankness towards this court. There's not a man here that don't feel for you, and don't wish to offer you his respectful sympathy. We know you—and I reckon we know what to think about you. Gentlemen:' he spoke with nasal deliberation, looking round the court, 'I think that's so?'

A shout of consent—the shout of men deeply moved—went up. Anderson, who had resumed his former attitude, appeared to take no notice, and the coroner resumed:

'I will now call on Mrs. Ginnell to give her evidence.'

The Irishwoman rose with alacrity—what she had to say held the audience. The surly yet good-hearted creature was divided between her wish to do justice to the demerits of McEwen, whom she had detested, and her fear of hurting Anderson's feelings in public. Beneath her rough exterior, she carried some of the delicacies of Celtic feeling, and she had no sooner given some fact that showed the coarse dishonesty of the father, than she veered off in haste to describe the pathetic efforts of the son. Her homely talk told; the picture grew.

Meanwhile Anderson sat impatient or benumbed, annoyed with Mrs. Ginnell's garrulity, and longing for the whole thing to end. He had a letter to write to Ottawa before post-time.

When the verdicts had been given, the doctor and he walked away from the court together. The necessary formalities were carried through, a coffin ordered, and provision made for the burial

of Robert Anderson. As the two men passed once or twice through the groups now lounging and smoking as before outside the hotel, all conversation ceased, and all eyes followed Anderson. Sincere pity was felt for him; and at the same time men asked each other anxiously how the revelation would affect his political and other chances.

Late in the same evening the burial of McEwen took place. A congregational minister at the graveside said a prayer for mercy on the sinner. Anderson had not asked him to do it, and felt a dull resentment of the man's officiousness, and the unctuous length of his prayer. Half an hour later he was on the platform, waiting for the train to Glacier.

He arrived there in the first glorious dawn of a summer morning. Over the vast Illecillowaet glacier rosy feather-clouds were floating in a crystal air, beneath a dome of pale blue. Light mists rose from the forests and the course of the river, and above them shone the dazzling snows, the hanging glaciers, and glistening rock faces, ledge piled on ledge, of the Selkirk giants—Hermit and Tupper, Avalanche and Sir Donald—with that cleft of the pass between.

The pleasant hotel, built to offer as much shelter and comfort as possible to the tired traveller and climber, was scarcely awake. A sleepy-eyed Japanese showed Anderson to his room. He threw himself on the bed, longing for sleep, yet incapable of it. He was once more under the same roof with Elizabeth Merton—and for the last time! He longed for her presence, her look, her touch; and yet with equal intensity he shrank from seeing her. That very morning through the length and breadth of Canada and the States would go out the news of the train-robbery on the main line of the C.P.R., and with it the 'dramatic' story of himself and his father, made more dramatic by a score of reporters. And as the news of his appointment, in the papers of the day before, had made him a public person, and had been no doubt telegraphed to London and Europe, so also would it be with the news of the 'hold-up,' and of his own connexion with it; partly because it had happened on the C.P.R.; still more because of the prominence given to his name the day before.

He felt himself a disgraced man; and he had already put from him all thought of a public career. Yet he wondered, not without self-contempt, as he lay there in the broadening light, what it was in truth that made the enormous difference between this



Monday and the Monday before. His father was dead, and had died in the very commission of a criminal act. But all or nearly all that Anderson knew now about his character he had known before this happened. The details given by the Nevada police were indeed new to him ; but he had shrewdly suspected all along that the record, did he know it, would be something like that. If such a parentage in itself involves stain and degradation, the stain and degradation had been always there, and the situation, looked at philosophically, was no worse for the catastrophe which had intervened between this week and last.

And yet it was of course immeasurably worse ! Such is the 'bubble reputation'—the difference between the known and the unknown.

At nine o'clock a note was brought to his room.

'Will you breakfast with me in half an hour? You will find me alone.

'E. M.'

Before the clock struck the half-hour, Elizabeth was already waiting for her guest, listening for every sound. She too had been awake half the night.

When he came in she went up to him, with her quick tripping step, holding out both her hands ; and he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

'I am so—so sorry !' was all she could say. He looked into her eyes, and as her hands lay in his he stooped suddenly and kissed them. There was a great piteousness in his expression, and she felt through every nerve the humiliation and the moral weariness which oppressed him. Suddenly ! she recalled that first moment of intimacy between them when he had so brusquely warned her about Philip, and she had been wounded by his mere strength and fearlessness ; and it hurt her to realise the contrast between that strength and this weakness.

She made him sit down beside her in the broad window of her little sitting-room, which overlooked the winding valley with the famous loops of the descending railway, and the moving light and shade on the forest ; and very gently and tenderly she made him tell her all the story from first to last.

His shrinking passed away, soothed by her sweetness, her restrained emotion, and after a little he talked with freedom, gradually recovering his normal steadiness and clearness of mind.

At the same time she perceived some great change in him.

The hidden spring of melancholy in his nature, which, amid all his practical energies and activities, she had always discerned, seemed to have overleaped its barriers, and to be invading the landmarks of character.

At the end of his narrative he said something in a hurried, low voice which gave her a clue.

'I did what I could to help him—but my father hated me. He died hating me. Nothing I could do altered him. Had he reason? When my brother and I in our anger thought we were avenging our mother's death, were we in truth destroying him also—driving him into wickedness, beyond hope? Were we—was I—for I was the eldest—responsible? Does his death, moral and physical, lie at my door?'

He raised his eyes to her—his tired appealing eyes—and Elizabeth realised sharply how deep a hold such questionings take on such a man. She tried to argue with and comfort him—and he seemed to absorb, to listen—but in the middle of it, he said abruptly, as though to change the subject:

'And I confess the publicity has hit me hard. It may be cowardly, but I can't face it for a while. I think I told you I owned some land in Saskatchewan. I shall go and settle down on it at once.'

'And give up your appointment—your public life?' she cried in dismay.

He smiled at her faintly, as though trying to console her.

'Yes; I shan't be missed, and I shall do better by myself. I understand the wheat and the land. They are friends that don't fail one.'

Elizabeth flushed.

'Mr. Anderson!—you mustn't give up your work. Canada asks it of you.'

'I shall only be changing my work. A man can do nothing better for Canada than break up land.'

'You can do that—and other things besides. Please—please—do nothing rash!'

She bent over to him, her brown eyes full of entreaty, her hand laid gently, timidly on his.

He could not bear to distress her—but he must.

'I sent in my resignation yesterday to the Prime Minister.'

The delicate face beside him clouded.

'He won't accept it.'

Anderson shook his head. 'I think he must.'

Elizabeth looked at him in despair.

'Oh! no. You oughtn't to do this—indeed, indeed you oughtn't! It is cowardly—forgive me!—unworthy of you. Oh! can't you see how the sympathy of everybody who knows—everybody whose opinion you care for—'

She stopped a moment, colouring deeply, checked indeed by the thought of a conversation between herself and Philip of the night before. Anderson interrupted her:

'The sympathy of one person,' he said hoarsely, 'is very precious to me. But even for her—'

She held out her hands to him again imploringly—

'Even for her?—'

But instead of taking the hands he rose and went out on the balcony a moment, as though to look at the great view. Then he returned, and stood over her.

'Lady Merton, I am afraid—it's no use. We are not—we can't be—friends.'

'Not friends?' she said, her lip quivering. 'I thought I—'

He looked down steadily on her upturned face. His own spoke eloquently enough. Turning her head away, with fluttering breath, she began to speak fast and brokenly:

'I, too, have been very lonely. I want a friend whom I might help—who would help me. Why should you refuse? We are not either of us quite young; what we undertook we could carry through. Since my husband's death I—I have been playing at life. I have always been hungry, dissatisfied, discontented. There were such splendid things going on in the world, and I—I was just marking time. Nothing to do!—as much money as I could possibly want—society of course—travelling—and visiting—and amusing myself—but oh! so tired all the time. And somehow Canada has been a revelation of real, strong, living things—this great North-West—and you, who seemed to explain it to me—'

'Dear Lady Merton!' His tone was low and full of emotion. And this time it was he who stooped and took her unresisting hands in his. She went on in the same soft, pleading tone—

'I felt what it might be—to help in the building up a better human life—in this vast new country. God has given to you this task—such a noble task!—and through your friendship, I too seemed to have a little part in it, if only by sympathy. Oh, no! you mustn't turn back—you mustn't shrink—because of what has

happened to you. And let me, from a distance, watch and help. It will ennoble my life too. Let me !'—she smiled—'I shall make a good friend, you'll see. I shall write very often. I shall argue—and criticise—and want a great deal of explaining. And you'll come over to us, and do splendid work, and make many English friends. Your strength will all come back to you.'

He pressed the hands he held more closely.

'It is like you to say all this—but—don't let us deceive ourselves. I could not be your friend, Lady Merton. I must not come and see you.'

She was silent, very pale, her eyes on his—and he went on :

'It is strange to say it in this way, at such a moment ; but it seems as though I had better say it. I have had the audacity, you see—to fall in love with you. And if it was audacity a week ago, you can guess what it is now—now when—— Ask your mother and brother what they would think of it !' he said abruptly, almost fiercely.

There was a moment's silence. All consciousness, all feeling in each of these two human beings had come to be—with the irrevocable swiftness of love—a consciousness of the other. Under the sombre renouncing passion of his look, her own eyes filled slowly—beautifully—with tears. And through all his perplexity and pain there shot a thrill of joy, of triumph even, sharp and wonderful. He understood. All this might have been his—this delicate beauty, this quick will, this rare intelligence—and yet the surrender in her aspect was not the simple surrender of love ; he knew before she spoke that she did not pretend to ignore the obstacles between them ; that she was not going to throw herself upon his renunciation, trying vehemently to break it down, in a mere blind girlish impulsiveness. He realised at once her heart, and her common sense ; and was grateful to her for both.

Gently she drew herself away, drawing a long breath. 'My mother and brother would not decide those things for me—oh, *never* !—I should decide them for myself. But we are not going to talk of them to-day. We are not going to make any—any rash promises to each other. It is you we must think for—your future—your life. And then—if you won't give me a friend's right to speak—you will be unkind—and I shall respect you less.'

She threw back her little head with vivacity. In the gesture he saw the strength of her will and his own wavered.

'How can it be unkind?' he protested. 'You ought not to be troubled with me any more.'

'Let me be the judge of that. If you will persist in giving up this appointment, promise me at least to come to England. That will break the spell of this—this terrible thing, and give you courage—again. Promise me!'

'No, no!—you are too good to me—too good;—let it end here. It is much, much better so.'

Then she broke down a little.

She looked round her, like some hurt creature seeking a means of escape. Her lips trembled. She gave a low cry. 'And I have loved Canada so! I have been so happy here.'

'And now I have hurt you?—I have spoilt everything?'

'It is your unhappiness does that—and that you will spoil your life. Promise me only this one thing—to come to England! Promise me!'

He sat down in a quiet despair that she would urge him so. A long argument followed between them, and at last she wore him down. She dared say nothing more of the Commissionership; but he promised her to come to England some time in the following winter; and with that she had to be content.

Then she gave him breakfast. During their conversation, which Elizabeth guided as far as possible to indifferent topics, the name of Mariette was mentioned. He was still, it seemed, at Vancouver. Elizabeth gave Anderson a sudden look, and casually, without his noticing, she possessed herself of the name of Mariette's hotel.

At breakfast also she described, with a smile and sigh, her brother's first and last attempt to shoot wild goat in the Rockies, an expedition which had ended in a wetting and a chill—'luckily nothing much; but poor Philip won't be out of his room to-day.'

'I will go and see him,' said Anderson, rising.

Elizabeth looked up, her colour fluttering.

'Mr. Anderson, Philip is only a boy, and sometimes a foolish boy—'

'I understand,' said Anderson quietly, after a moment, 'Philip thinks his sister has been running risks. Who warned him?'

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders without replying. He saw a touch of scorn in her face that was new to him.

'I think I guess,' he said. 'Why not? It was the natural thing. So Mr. Delaine is still here?'

'Till to-morrow.'

'I am glad. I shall like to assure him that his name was not mentioned—he was not involved at all!'

Elizabeth's lip curled a little, but she said nothing. During the preceding forty-eight hours there had been passages between herself and Delaine that she did not intend Anderson to know anything about. In his finical repugnance to soiling his hands with matters so distasteful, Delaine had carried out the embassy which Anderson had perforce entrusted to him in such a manner as to rouse in Elizabeth a maximum of pride on her own account and of indignation on Anderson's. She was not even sorry for him any more; being, of course, therein a little unjust to him, as was natural to a high-spirited and warm-hearted woman.

Anderson, meanwhile, went off to knock at Philip's door, and Philip's sister was left behind to wonder nervously how Philip would behave and what he would say. She was still smarting under the boy's furious outburst of the night before when, through a calculated indiscretion of Delaine's, the notion that Anderson had presumed and might still presume to set his ambitions on Elizabeth had been presented to him for the first time.

'My sister marry a mining engineer!—with a drunken old robber for a father! By Jove! Anybody talking nonsense of that kind will jolly well have to reckon with me! Elizabeth!—you may say what you like, but I am the head of the family!'

. . . . .

Anderson found the head of the family in bed, surrounded by novels, and a dozen books on big game shooting in the Rockies. Philip received him with an evident and ungracious embarrassment.

'I am awfully sorry—beastly business. Hard lines on you, of course—very. Hope they'll get the men.'

'Thank you. They are doing their best.'

Anderson sat down beside the lad. The fragility of his look struck him painfully, and the pathetic contrast between it and the fretting spirit—the books of travel and adventure heaped round him.

'Have you been ill again?' he asked in his kind, deep voice.

'Oh, just a beastly chill. Elizabeth would make me take too many wraps. Everyone knows you oughtn't to get overheated walking.'

'Do you want to stay on here longer?'

'Not I! What do I care about glaciers and mountains and that sort of stuff if I can't hunt? But Elizabeth's got at the doctor somehow, and he won't let me go for three or four days unless I kick over the traces. I daresay I shall.'

'No you won't—for your sister's sake. I'll see all arrangements are made.'

Philip made no direct reply. He lay staring at the ceiling—till at last he said—

'Delaine's going. He's going to-morrow. He gets on Elizabeth's nerves.'

'Did he say anything to you about me?' said Anderson.

Philip flushed.

'Well, I dare say he did.'

'Make your mind easy, Gaddesden. A man with my story is not going to ask your sister to marry him.'

Philip looked up. Anderson sat composedly erect, the traces of his nights of sleeplessness and revolt marked on every feature, but as much master of himself and his life—so Gaddesden intuitively felt—as he had ever been. A movement of remorse and affection stirred in the young man mingled with the strength of other inherited things.

'Awfully sorry, you know,' he said clumsily, but this time sincerely. 'I don't suppose it makes any difference to you that your father—well, I'd better not talk about it. But you see—Elizabeth might marry anybody. She might have married heaps of times since Merton died, if she hadn't been such an icicle. She's got lots of money, and—well, I don't want to be snobbish—but at home—we—our family—'

'I understand,' said Anderson, perhaps a little impatiently—'you are great people. I understood that all along.'

Family pride cried out in Philip. 'Then why the deuce—' But he said aloud in some confusion, 'I suppose that sounded disgusting'—then floundering deeper—'but you see—well, I'm very fond of Elizabeth!'

Anderson rose and walked to the window which commanded a view of the railway line.

'I see the car outside. I'll go and have a few words with Yerkes.'

The boy let him go in silence—conscious on the one hand that he had himself played a mean part in their conversation, and on the other that Anderson, under this onset of sordid misfortune, was



somehow more of a hero in his eyes, and no doubt in other people's, than ever.

On his way downstairs Anderson ran into Delaine, who was ascending with an armful of books and pamphlets.

'Oh, how do you do? Had only just heard you were here. May I have a word with you?'

Anderson remounted the stairs in silence, and the two men paused, seeing no one in sight, in the corridor beyond.

'I have just read the report of the inquest, and should like to offer you my sincere sympathy and congratulations on your very straightforward behaviour—' Anderson made a movement. Delaine went on hurriedly—

'I should like also to thank you for having kept my name out of it.'

'There was no need to bring it in,' said Anderson coldly.

'No, of course not—of course not! I have also seen the news of your appointment. I trust nothing will interfere with that.'

Anderson turned towards the stairs again. He was conscious of a keen antipathy—the antipathy of tired nerves—to the speaker's mere aspect, his long hair, his too picturesque dress, the antique on his little finger, the effeminate stammer in his voice.

'Are you going to-day? What train?' he said, in a careless voice as he moved away.

Delaine drew back, made a curt reply, and the two men parted.

'Oh, he'll get over it; there will very likely be nothing to get over,' Delaine reflected tartly, as he made his way to his room. 'A new country like this can't be too particular.' He was thankful, at any rate, that he would have an opportunity before long—for he was going straight home and to Cumberland—of putting Mrs. Gaddesden on her guard. 'I may be thought officious; Lady Merton let me see very plainly that she thinks me so—but I shall do my duty nevertheless.'

And as he stood over his packing, bewildering his valet with a number of precise and old-maidish directions, his sore mind ran alternately on the fiasco of his own journey and on the incredible folly of nice women.

Delaine departed; and for two days Elizabeth ministered to Anderson. She herself went strangely through it, feeling between them, as it were, the bared sword of his ascetic will—no less than

her own terrors and hesitations. But she set herself to lift him from the depths; and as they walked about the mountains and the forests, in a glory of summer sunshine, the sanity and sweetness of her nature made for him a spiritual atmosphere akin in its healing power to the influence of pine and glacier upon his physical weariness.

On the second evening, Mariette walked into the hotel. Anderson, who had just concluded all arrangements for the departure of the car with its party within forty-eight hours, received him with astonishment.

‘What brings you here?’

Mariette’s harsh face smiled at him gravely.

‘The conviction that if I didn’t come, you would be committing a folly.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Giving up your Commissionership, or some nonsense of that sort.’

‘I have given it up.’

‘H’m! Anything from Ottawa yet?’

It was impossible, Anderson pointed out, that there should be any letter for another three days. But he had written finally and did not mean to be over-persuaded.

Mariette at once carried him off for a walk and attacked him vigorously. ‘Your private affairs have nothing whatever to do with your public work. Canada wants you—you must go.’

‘Canada can easily get hold of a Commissioner who would do her more credit,’ was the bitter reply. ‘A man’s personal circumstances are part of his equipment. They must not be such as to injure his mission.’

Mariette argued in vain.

As they were both dining in the evening with Elizabeth and Philip, a telegram was brought in for Anderson from the Prime Minister. It contained a peremptory and flattering refusal to accept his resignation. ‘Nothing has occurred which affects your public or private character. My confidence quite unchanged. Work is best for yourself, and the public expects it of you. Take time to consider, and wire me in two days.’

Anderson thrust it into his pocket, and was only with difficulty persuaded to show it to Mariette.

But in the course of the evening many letters arrived—letters

of sympathy from old friends in Quebec and Manitoba, from colleagues and officials, from navvies and railwaymen even, on the C.P.R., from his future constituents in Saskatchewan—drawn out by the newspaper reports of the inquest and of Anderson's evidence. For once the world rallied to a good man in distress! and Anderson was strangely touched and overwhelmed by it.

He passed an almost sleepless night, and in the morning as he met Elizabeth on her balcony he said to her, half reproachfully, pointing to Mariette below—

'It was you sent for him.'

Elizabeth smiled.

'A woman knows her limitations! It is harder to refuse two than one.'

For twenty-four hours the issue remained uncertain. Letters continued to pour in; Mariette applied the plain-spoken, half-scornful arguments natural to a man holding a purely spiritual standard of life; and Elizabeth pleaded more by look and manner than by words.

Anderson held out as long as he could. He was assaulted by that dark midway hour of manhood, that distrust of life and his own powers, which disables so many of the world's best men in these heightened, hurrying days. But in the end his two friends saved him—as by fire.

Mariette himself dictated the telegram to the Prime Minister in which Anderson withdrew his resignation; and then, while Anderson, with a fallen countenance, carried it to the post, the French Canadian and Elizabeth looked at each other—in a common exhaustion and relief.

'I feel a wreck,' said Elizabeth. 'Monsieur, you are an excellent ally.' And she held out her hand to her colleague. Mariette took it, and bowed over it with the air of a *grand seigneur* of 1680.

'The next step must be yours, Madame,—if you really take an interest in our friend.'

Elizabeth rather nervously inquired what it might be.

'Find him a wife!—a good wife. He was not made to live alone.'

His penetrating eyes in his ugly well-bred face searched the features of his companion. Elizabeth bore it smiling, without flinching.

A fortnight passed—and Elizabeth and Philip were on their way home through the heat of July. Once more the railway which

had become their kind familiar friend sped them through the prairies, already whitening to the harvest, through the Ontarian forests and the Ottawa valley. The wheat was standing thick on the illimitable earth; the plains in their green or golden dress seemed to laugh and sing under the hot dome of sky. Again the great Canadian spectacle unrolled itself from west to east, and the heart Elizabeth brought to it was no longer the heart of a stranger. The teeming Canadian life had become deeply interwoven with her life; and when Anderson came to bid her a hurried farewell on the platform at Regina, she carried the passionate memory of his face with her, as the embodiment and symbol of all that she had seen and felt.

Then her thoughts turned to England, and the struggle before her. She braced herself against the Old World as against an enemy. But her spirit failed her when she remembered that in Anderson himself she was like to find her chiefest foe.

*(To be continued.)*

## *THE OXFORD MUSEUM AND ITS FOUNDERS.*

BY A. VERNON HARCOURT, Hon.D.Sc., F.R.S.

THE following paper was given as an address at the celebration of the Jubilee of the Oxford University Museum in October 1908. It related almost wholly to a period which was fifty or more years ago, and it is hoped that it may still be of interest, especially to old Oxford men, though the interval has been lengthened by more than a year.

FIFTY years ago the position occupied by the natural sciences among educational subjects both in schools and colleges was in most cases a quite subordinate position. Especially was this the case at the large public schools to which the sons of the better-to-do classes were sent, and at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The study of two dead languages was regarded as having a far higher educational value than the study of the structure and changes of our own bodies and of the world we live in. A man with little Latin and less Greek was regarded in the high places of education as seriously deficient, but no unfamiliarity with the arts of observation and experiment, and with the various knowledge they had brought, hindered a man from being credited with a thoroughly good school and college education.

But already Faraday, Tyndall, and Huxley, and other lecturers on other branches of science, were filling the benches of the Royal Institution; the British Association had been advancing science during a quarter of a century by visiting the large provincial towns; gas-lighting, the steam-engine, and more recently the electric telegraph, had illustrated the uses of science; and provincial colleges were rising to meet a demand for teaching which Oxford supplied scantily and did not encourage.

It has been boasted that what Lancashire thinks to-day England will think to-morrow, and we in Oxford may claim that what England thinks to-day Oxford will think a few days hence. Thus it might safely have been predicted that in the course of the second half of the nineteenth century the University would admit some branches of natural science among the subjects for a knowledge of

which a degree was conferred, and would make provision for the teaching of the new subjects.

The movement began within the University, though a visit of the British Association in 1847 may have stimulated and encouraged those who were the first to move. In July of that year Dr. Acland drew up a Memorandum, which was signed by Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Chemistry and Botany, P. B. Duncan, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Robert Walker, Reader in Experimental Philosophy, and Dr. Acland himself as Lee's Reader in Anatomy. It proposed that the contents of the Ashmolean Museum and of the Anatomical Museum in Christ Church, and the geological collection in the Clarendon, should be transferred to an edifice to be erected within the precincts of the University, where there should be also lecture-rooms and an apartment to serve as a library and for scientific meetings.

Unfortunately Dr. Buckland, Professor of Geology and Dean of Westminster, who was in charge of the geological collection, refused to sign on the ground that any progress of natural history in Oxford was hopeless. 'It was,' he wrote, 'a detriment to a candidate for a degree or a Fellowship to have given any portion of his time and attention to objects so alien from what is thought to be the proper business of the University as natural history in any of its branches.'

This reply was a great discouragement to Dr. Acland, and may have turned his attention to the other of the two objects which he and his fellow-workers were pursuing concurrently—namely, the development of natural science education in Oxford. In November of the following year he put together his views on this subject in the form of a published letter addressed to Dr. Jacobson. The first part of the letter relates to 'The duty of introducing the elements of certain branches of natural knowledge into the list of studies necessary for all persons taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts.'

The reasons for this change are well stated in a connected argument, from which I will quote a few sentences. 'In all sound schemes for education there are two distinct parts and objects; the discipline of the mind and the communication of knowledge. These may be carried on in more or less intimate connection; for though they may be different they are not opposed; and any scheme which does not combine a fair proportion of each is a defective one.' . . . 'It is not many years since there arose in this

country a great cry for what was called "useful knowledge"; because it was noticed that men who had spent ten or twelve years in the usual routine of the schools and Universities emerged in entire ignorance of things which have an immediate bearing on their daily life; and though they might be good scholars or good logicians (which all were not), it was found that this advantage did not make up for their other deficiencies.' . . . 'Those who refuse to admit into our necessary course of studies any which they do not believe to be purely instrumental in training the mind by way of discipline, are unconsciously depriving themselves of an engine most powerful for their own object; for of all studies none is more efficient for such object than that of the chief laws of the natural world.'

Dr. Acland subsequently quotes with approval 'a clear statement made by Dr. Daubeny of the departments of natural knowledge, an elementary acquaintance with which "ought to be regarded as part of every complete system of education," namely:

'First, "Those which comprehend the knowledge of the general laws common to all matter whatsoever," or "Natural Philosophy."

'Secondly, "The special properties and relations of those bodies, which are either most familiar to us, most useful, or most generally diffused throughout nature," or "Chemistry."

'Thirdly, "The general laws which govern life as it exists both in the animal and in the vegetable creation," or "General Physiology."

On each of these subjects Dr. Acland proposes that a course of twenty-four lectures should be given in separate terms which all undergraduates should be required to attend.

He anticipates two objections, that the instruction must be superficial, and that undergraduates should not be compelled to attend professors' lectures. This latter objection was urged by some college tutors, who were willing that their labours should be shared by 'coaches,' but not by professors, and regarded the new developments with disfavour. The number of professors was then multiplying fast, and most of them, at least, wished to have a class. A Christ Church tutor, Osborne Gordon, proposed a way out of the difficulty. Every professor should be required by statute to attend the lectures of each of his colleagues. In this way, he said, all would be satisfied, and the education given by the colleges would proceed as before. But the University adopted another



view, and certificates of having attended two courses of professors' lectures were required for a degree. The number of lectures in a course was not specified. Dr. Daubeney, who held the chair of rural economy, as well as those of botany and chemistry, gave notice of two lectures on rural economy. In spite of his scientific eminence his classes were habitually very small, but on this occasion the lecture-room was full. On entering the room, he thought, according to Osborne Gordon, that rural economy was looking up. But the illusion, if it existed, was destroyed when, at the close of the second lecture, each of his hearers asked for a certificate of having attended the course.

The creation of the Natural Science School and extension of natural science teaching would no doubt have taken place, and might not have been much postponed, if it had lacked the aid of Dr. Acland's advocacy and his influence with his many friends. But it was not so with his other object, the building of the Museum. Separate places of work might have been found, and enlarged from time to time, for medical studies, for biology, for geology, for chemistry, and for mechanical philosophy, as now for astronomy and botany. One advantage this separation would have had. The requisite grants would have been more easily obtained from the University, and might even have amounted to less. As it was, the opponents of change and expenditure were presented with the advantage that all whom they wished to strike were grouped under one head.

But the balance of advantage, it cannot be doubted, was with the plan which Dr. Acland advocated, of uniting all the natural sciences as far as possible in one place. Many others were convinced and helped, but Dr. Acland led the way with excellent judgment and an infinite willingness to take pains. For the task which he undertook he had extraordinary qualifications. He was emphatically a man of large views, and able to 'fancy the fabric' as a beautiful building worthy, and adapted, to be the home of the assembled sciences; and thus he became enthusiastic on its behalf. With helpful accidents of person and position he united a sympathetic nature and a conversational eloquence, which bestowed upon him exceptional powers of persuasion. His friendship with Dr. Pusey turned the scale when Convocation was nearly divided on a Museum grant; his intimacy with Ruskin and other artists gained for the University the best advice on matters of taste; and his geniality in dealing with such a wayward artist as O'Shea, the

stone-carver, retained services of high value which less sympathetic treatment would soon have lost.

Six years elapsed between the proposals of 1847 and the first definite steps taken by Convocation towards the establishment of the Museum in 1853. During these years many interesting efforts were made, and no doubt the mind of the University was being prepared. In May 1849 a meeting was held in the lodgings of Dr. Williams, Warden of New College, at which Dr. Harington, Dr. Jeune, Dr. Daubeny, Mr. Robert Walker, Mr. Richard Greswell, Dr. Hill, and Dr. Acland, with twelve others, were present; and it was resolved 'That in order to enable the University to carry into effect the vote of Convocation which established a School of Natural Science it is desirable that a general University Museum be formed with distinct departments under one roof, together with lecture-rooms and all such appliances as may be found necessary for teaching and studying the natural history of the earth and its inhabitants.'

At a second meeting in the same month the attendance was trebled, others who joined the committee being Bishop Wilberforce, Dean Buckland, the Heads of Oriel, St. John's, Corpus, Exeter, and All Souls, Baden-Powell, and Manuel Johnson, with many other well-known men.

An estimate of probable cost was obtained from Mr. Underwood of Beaumont Street, being from 25,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* In the following month a meeting of graduates was held in the Sheldonian; subscriptions were promised amounting to 3000*l.*; and it was announced that Merton College was prepared to receive an application for part of the parks.

Resolutions similar to that already quoted were adopted at all these meetings. Then came a pause; 3000*l.* had been promised but 30,000*l.* were needed. The only chance, as one would suppose must have been foreseen from the first, was to appeal to the University. The application was delayed for a year, probably lest it should interfere with the passing of the statute establishing, among others, the School of Natural Science. This statute was passed on April 23, 1850, and in June the Museum Committee made its appeal to the University. It is noteworthy that the proposal by Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, of a Royal Commission to inquire into the University was made on the very day on which the examination statute passed. The proposal was an amendment, and not expected in the House of Commons, and thus this

extension of University studies was not made by pressure from without. Also the desirability of introducing the study of natural science was hardly referred to on either day of the debate.

At this time the University had in hand a sum of nearly 60,000*l.* derived from the profits of the Clarendon Press. A year elapsed. In June 1851 it was proposed in Convocation to allot 53,000*l.* to the erection or repairs of examination schools, lecture-rooms, and a museum. The proposal was rejected. In 1852 the Museum Committee received the support of the University Commissioners, who recommended 'That the University should proceed with the plan for building a Museum for all departments of physical science, and that the trustees of the general collections of various kinds should be empowered to transfer their collections to this Museum.'

The Museum Committee worked on. On February 17, 1853, the first official step was taken. It was proposed in Convocation, and carried, 'That a delegacy be nominated by the proctors to consider what museums, lecture-rooms, and other buildings are required for the study of natural history and physiology, and to give such a description of them, both in kind and extent, as may be sufficient to be laid before an architect.' The report was to be printed for the use of members of Convocation, together with an estimate of the probable expense of the buildings recommended. In spite of the vigilance of the Museum Committee, of which the Warden of New College continued to be chairman with the same band of supporters, things moved slowly. In December four acres at the south-west corner of the parks were purchased from Merton College to be the site of the Museum; and on January 23, 1854, it was resolved that a delegacy should be appointed to consider the question of erecting a Museum, with reference to the principle that the building should surround three sides of an area and receive light from the roof; and on April 8 the delegates were appointed. They prepared a statement of requirements for the use of architects, and reported in December. Prizes of 150*l.*, 100*l.*, and 50*l.* had been offered for the three best designs; the estimated cost was not to exceed 30,000*l.*; the competing architects were informed that no plan would be selected which had not been submitted to the scrutiny of competent professional judges. Thirty-two designs were sent in; they were exhibited to members of Convocation in the gallery of the Radcliffe Library. The delegacy made a first

selection of six of the designs, which had met with general and decided approval and represented different styles of architecture.

To judge of the accuracy of the estimates, and general practicability of the designs, the delegates obtained the assistance of two gentlemen having professional eminence, a character for impartiality, and experience in such competitions. These judges reported that none of the designs could be executed for the sum stated, but that by certain alterations one of them could be brought within that sum. To guide them in further selection the delegacy employed four of their number, Dr. Wellesley, Dr. Acland, Professor Phillips (who had recently come to Oxford after having had charge of the York Museum), and Mr. George Butler, an authority on matters of art. By them first four, then two, were chosen, which two were left by the delegacy to the choice of Convocation. That with the motto 'Fiat Justitia' is described as Palladian; that with the motto 'Nisi Dominus' as Rhenish Gothic. On the eve of the vote a letter appeared signed ΕΡΓΑΤΗΣ, giving reasons, which appear conclusive, for preferring the latter, and the vote went accordingly. The first stone was laid on June 20, 1855.

The parks at this time consisted of two square fields, side by side, separated by a ditch, with a gravel walk round them. We used, when training for the Torpid, to run round the parks before breakfast, starting from a stone in front of Wadham. The distance was said to be a mile. Our coach, whom we regarded with the respect due to a famous oar from Eton, told us once that we could run faster if we kept all together. Our cox offered to race us if he might run separately and we all together. I do not remember the answer, probably a deserved rebuke, but he would certainly have won.

Please let this illustrate that I was in 1856, and for two years afterwards, a mere undergraduate, and have now only such irrelevant memories of this spot as that of which I have given an example. Everything was new and strange, and, I may add, delightful, to me; and it was not more noteworthy than many other things when building began in the parks. It never occurred to me that that was an epoch-making time, when the University was recognising at last the educational value of the natural sciences and was providing for their reception.

In 1853 there appeared a pamphlet by Dr. Daubeny, entitled 'Can Physical Science obtain a home in an English University?' being an inquiry suggested by some remarks contained in a late

number of the 'Quarterly Review.' It is difficult either to abstract or to sample this excellent statement, which is a model of clear reasoning and courteous controversy. The contrast between the impressions produced by Dr. Daubeny, at this date, as a lecturer and as a writer, reminds one of Garrick's well-known exaggeration—'Oliver Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll, who wrote like an Angel but talked like poor Poll.'

It is not inconsistent with the respect with which Dr. Daubeny's wide knowledge and amiable character inspired all who knew him, to recall an incident of his lectures. He had an assistant, whose light hair and beaming countenance I well remember, called John Harris. Occasionally, as happens to all lecturers on chemistry, and more frequently no doubt as they grow older, an experiment gave a result different from that which had been predicted. Dr. Daubeny was equal to the occasion. He called for John Harris, and said 'John, when we tried this experiment before the lecture the results were so and so.' John assented; and the Professor turned to his audience and remarked 'You see, gentlemen.' This method raises an interesting question as to the difference between what experimentalists and what lawyers call 'proof.' If the lawyers are right, the Professor was justified, for doubtless John Harris's word was as good as his oath.

To return to Dr. Daubeny's pamphlet: the 'Quarterly' reviewer thinks that physical science has of necessity been transferred from the Universities to the metropolis and other great cities. His reasons are: (1) that, since the introduction of the inductive philosophy, facts are no longer sought to be arrived at by logical reasoning from a few abstract principles, but are collected by observation and experiment; and (2) because the natural sciences inevitably flow in the train of medicine, and because the latter can only be satisfactorily taught in localities where the diseases engendered by an overflowing population supply a large amount of clinical instruction. The reviewer attributes the principal share in the erection of the Natural Science School to Dr. Daubeny, who replies: 'My influence in the University would have been too limited for such an achievement, had I not been supported by others equal to myself in zeal and authority.'

Nearly all Dr. Daubeny's views would be read with hearty concurrence by those who have succeeded to his work, but from one observation many, though not all, would dissent.

He writes, 'It would manifestly be quite foreign to the purpose,

and fatal to the genius, of a School of Physical Science, to encourage the introduction of any subjects that are treated mathematically; and no temptation can exist for admitting them, when there is already provided another independent school in which honours are expressly given for mathematical distinction.' Without going so far as this, a successor of Dr. Daubeny might raise the question whether every candidate for honours in the School of Natural Science, even a man who had already been placed in the Moderations class-list, should not be required to have studied some natural phenomena, and to have gained some acquaintance with the elements of more than one branch of science.

May I add here two reminiscences of Dr. Daubeny, whose interest in chemistry continued to the end of his life?

Soon after the investigation begun by Davy had been extended to the production by electrolysis of metallic lithium—an element whose compounds are now stated to rival those of sodium in distribution though not in abundance—Dr. Daubeny invited me to his laboratory in Magdalen to see the metal, whose light globules rose to the surface of the molten salt in which they were formed. Whether we succeeded in catching and preserving any of them I cannot remember.

Later on Dr. Daubeny did me the honour of consulting me as to sending an account to the Chemical Society, of which I was then a secretary, of some observations most fitting for a professor of both botany and chemistry, which he interpreted as showing the production of ozone by the action on the atmosphere of a growing plant. The effects of a change of this kind, happening all the world over, have doubtless been studied since then. I know only that the fact of the presence in the air which had passed over the plant, of an oxydising agent which was not there before, seemed to be proved.

One of those who supported Dr. Daubeny with equal zeal and authority, in establishing a School of Natural Science and founding the Museum, was Mr. Robert Walker, Professor of Experimental Philosophy. He used to lecture in the Old Clarendon in Broad Street, and was an excellent lecturer. A syllabus giving the subjects of each lecture of his course used to appear on the notice-board outside the hall, now the library, of Balliol College. It was very attractive. Whether these notices, or a personal acquaintance with the lecturer, influenced Dr. Gaisford, I know not; but for some time, at his behest, Christ Church undergraduates were



required to attend a course of these lectures and to present an abstract of them at collections.

At an earlier date, in 1848, Professor Walker, as he would now be called, had addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor on 'Improvements in the present Examination Statutes and the Studies of the University,' from which a few sentences may be quoted. 'Whatever may be the opinions of others as to the importance of requiring attendance on professorial lectures, it is conceived that some acquaintance with physical science ought to be required of everyone who seeks the degree of B.A. in our Universities.'

'It is, to say the least, discreditable that anyone should go forth from us in utter ignorance of the laws which have been impressed on matter, and unable to explain the commonest phenomena; that he should gaze on the starry heavens without knowing how the motions of the planets are governed; that he should look upon the bow in the cloud in ignorance of the way in which the effect is produced; or, again, that he should suppose that earth, air, fire, and water are the four elements of which the world is composed; and that the communications of the electric telegraph are made by pulling the wires.'

While agreeing with a tolerant dictum of Henry Smith, that it is pedantic to find fault with anyone for not knowing any particular thing, I may mention another example of, one may hope, singular ignorance, told me by the late Mr. H. G. Madan. Pictures, and other objects hanging on the walls of his common room, were being rearranged. Among these was an ordinary mercurial barometer. One of the Fellows suggested that the barometer would fit in better if it were placed horizontally instead of vertically.

Henry Smith, whose memory must be still green among all those old enough to remember him, was the first teacher of chemistry in Balliol. When Salvin's Buildings, facing the Martyrs' Memorial, were constructed early in the fifties, two cellars were appropriated to the study of chemistry; and, to provide a teacher, Henry Smith, ablest of Oxford men, was deputed to take some lessons in the subject. He went for a few months to Dr. Hofmann at the College of Chemistry, near the Regent Circus. Montgomerie, of Balliol, Hertford Scholar in 1854, and I were his first pupils. Once, I remember, a stick of phosphorus took fire on the bench. Montgomerie was for pouring water over it, which might have caused a dangerous scattering of the fiercely burning liquid. Henry Smith



stopped him, and extinguished the blaze by pouring over it a little sand from the sand-bath, remarking in his soft tones :

*Pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescet.*

As to the desirability of a knowledge of the elements of some branches of natural science being required of everyone admitted to the B.A. degree, whether such knowledge were gained at school or subsequently, Henry Smith was of the same opinion as Mr. Walker. It ought, he would say, to be put on the same footing as arithmetic.

During the many debates in Congregation and Convocation on museum grants, Henry Smith's skilful advocacy must have been of the greatest service to those who were still concerned with the structure and embellishment of the Museum building, and to the professors needing cases, or apparatus, or assistants.

Especially was this advocacy needed for grants to the chemical department, not that they exceeded others in magnitude or frequency (and it must be admitted that the goodwill of the University was sorely tried), but because the Professor of Chemistry, who within a few years of his appointment became Sir Benjamin Brodie, found his entrance to the Convocation House barred by the requirement, which then existed, of signing the Thirty-nine Articles.

None of the many services rendered at this time by Dr. Acland was more important than that of obtaining from the Radcliffe Trustees, whose librarian he was, leave to transfer their scientific library from the Camera to the Museum, and also leave from the curators of the Bodleian to supplement, with books which they had, some deficiencies which a reduced allowance for the purchase of books had recently occasioned in the Radcliffe Library. The happy suggestion of a change, by which the Bodleian Curators were repaid for the favour they granted, that of making the Camera into a reading-room for the Bodleian, was also due to Dr. Acland.

Christ Church made two important contributions to the Museum, that of the biological collection accumulated by successive Lee's Readers in Anatomy, which was lent by the Trustees, and that of the then Lee's Reader himself, Dr. George Rolleston, who was at that time appointed Linacre Professor. Dr. Rolleston was an admirable lecturer and teacher, full of knowledge and enthusiasm. He would illustrate his lectures on natural history and comparative anatomy

with apt quotations. For example, in speaking of the pre-eminence of mankind, he would declaim :

Pronaque dum spectant animalia cetera terram,  
Os homini sublime dedit coelumque tueri.

Or again, when he had to tell his class that the *hippocampus minor* (a lobe of the brain), on which great hopes had been based, did not serve as a distinguishing feature between man and the ape, he would repeat with a sigh of regret :

Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis !

He was long one of the chief pillars of natural science in the University. His bust, which stands in the court of the Museum, is an excellent portrait.

My own early recollections of the Museum are almost limited to the chemical department, where for seven years I was very fully occupied, first as lecture assistant and then as demonstrator. In the autumn of 1855 Brodie, having been elected by Convocation Professor of Chemistry, came into residence at Mason's Lodgings, near Balliol. Early in the following year he and his family moved into Cowley House (now St. Hilda's Hall) which he had purchased from Dr. Tuckwell. The chemical laboratory at Balliol was placed by the College at his disposal, together with a lecture-room on the same staircase. He had two assistants, Dr. Atkinson, who has lately been well represented in Oxford by a son and a daughter, and Mr. A. H. Church, who some fifteen years later became Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Academy. In the October term of 1858, Brodie gave his first course of lectures in the lecture-room of his department and began research in his private laboratory. Since the extension of the chemical department these two rooms and the sitting-room beyond them have been made over to mineralogy. Brodie's lectures and research were alike excellent. He was a man of great originality and wide range of interests. He was an indefatigable worker at chemical problems, and his love of literature, and of poetry in particular, was as great as his love of science. Already in Balliol he had begun an investigation which resulted in the discovery of a new class of organic compounds, the peroxides of the acid radicles. They were highly explosive. A drop heated on a watch-glass gave a report like a pistol. The glass was shattered ; and he would recall the practice of his former master, Bunsen, who was also fond of heating watch-glasses, and when the fragments fell on the bench pronounced over them the words—' That was a watch-glass.'

He worked also on the compound formed by the union of carbonic oxide and potassium, and on graphitic acid, a yellow body got from graphite by the action of nitric acid and potassium chlorate. Both these substances are explosive. The graphitic acid had to be heated, and then exploded gently, yielding a soft and very black variety of carbon. The carbonic oxide compound, when not quite saturated, would often explode violently on taking into the hand the glass bulb which contained it; fortunately the glass was thin. He did some work also on a chromic compound, and made an investigation of great value into the constitution of ozone.

Nor did his devotion to research interfere with his interest in his pupils. He would come round the laboratory from time to time, and talk or lend a hand to those who were working. Unfortunately at this time he read Boole's 'Logic,' which inspired him with a desire to invent a new symbolic method of representing the facts of chemistry which should be purely mathematical and independent of the atomic hypothesis. I cannot explain the method, for I could never understand it. That was not surprising; but Henry Smith, a great mathematician, could not understand it either; and used to remark pensively—'Depend upon it, you can never get anything out of symbols which you have not first put in.' Brodie may have been in the right for all that. But I am afraid he was saddened by the non-reception of his ideas (though two papers by him on the subject were printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions'), and it partly withdrew him from the experimental work in which he excelled.

Brodie had at this time two German assistants, Sprengel and Schickendantz, both good men; but one had belonged to a club at their German University and the other had not, and this produced a coolness between them. At one time they would communicate, when necessary, by notes, but not by word of mouth. Sprengel was an excellent manipulator and particularly skilful in working glass. Among other things he was already occupied with the moving of air by the fall of liquids, and fitted up a blowpipe whose air-current was maintained by a stream of water falling through a tube into a Woulfe's bottle. His great invention, the mercurial air-pump, was not brought out till he had left Oxford and had gone as an assistant to Professor Odling at Guy's Hospital.

Exactly fifty years ago<sup>1</sup> I was getting together the apparatus for Brodie's first course of lectures in the Museum, having become

<sup>1</sup> [October 1858.—ED.]

his lecture assistant, though I had not yet taken my degree. A year later I was made demonstrator in the students' laboratory, known from its prototype as the Glastonbury kitchen. In my first year as a teacher I had the honour of having the Prince of Wales, now his Gracious Majesty, as a pupil. How far I succeeded in interesting him in the great science of chemistry I cannot tell. I remember only that he was a most amiable pupil. At the end of that year I was elected to a studentship and readership in Chemistry at Christ Church. Six years later I left the Museum to occupy the Lee's Laboratory in that House which Dr. Rolleston had recently vacated.

Though the principal part of the teaching of natural science in Oxford has been done and will continue to be done at the Museum, it is right to add an expression of sympathy with, and belief in the great advantage of, college laboratories, a welcome and splendid addition to which has recently been made by Jesus College. In the Museum, sometimes one study advances more rapidly and attracts more pupils, sometimes another. At the present time the studies more immediately connected with the medical profession are in the ascendant; but, when 'the tired waves, vainly breaking, Seem here no painful inch to gain,' the college laboratories with young and eager teachers are prepared to supply any deficiency that may occur.

After six years' absence from Oxford I have been invited, as belonging to a past generation, to place on record what I could remember or learn of the beginnings of the Museum, and of the men who first worked for it and in it. They laboured and those who now work in the Museum have entered into their labours. The great additions which have been made recently to the buildings both mark the advance of scientific teaching and show that the University is still ready to make provision for that teaching with open hand.

Let us all join in hoping that that which is done here in the two directions of increasing knowledge and of handing it down may be worthy of the efforts made by those who planned and have added to this building. They have aimed at providing investigators and students with every facility for rapid and successful work. Those who now visit the departments of the Museum will be able to judge how far that aim has been accomplished or is in course of accomplishment.

### THE SEINE IN FLOOD.

AT ten minutes to eleven on the morning of Friday, January 21, 1910, almost the very hour at which on another January 21 Louis XVI mounted the scaffold, the power station from which all the public clocks of Paris are worked by compressed air was flooded by the Seine: all the clocks stopped simultaneously with military exactitude, and with a start of surprise Parisians began to realise that the Seine in flood was not a harmless spectacle that could be watched with the cheerful calm of philosophic detachment, and that the river in revolt was an enemy to be feared even by the most civilised city in Europe. Crowds, it is true, had gathered on the embankments, admiring the headlong rush of the silent yellow river that carried with it logs and barrels, broken furniture, the carcasses of animals, and perhaps sometimes a corpse, all racing madly to the sea: they had watched cranes, great piles of stones, and the roofs of sheds emerge for a time from the flooded wharves and then vanish in the swirl of the rising water, while barges and pontoons, generally hidden from sight far below, rose gradually above the level of the streets, notably one great two-storied bathing barge, a vision of unsuspected hideousness, that threatened at any moment, triply moored as it was, to crash into the parapet. But it was in the order of things that wharves should be flooded; it was sad that the little suburban towns by the river should be swamped, but these incidents could be regarded with altruistic sympathy. The stopping of clocks, however, and the irritating obsession of 'onze heures moins dix' which confronted the Parisian from every street and café clock was something new and alarming; with its suggestion that time had stopped dead at the most ill-chosen of moments, this petty but perpetually repeated annoyance was the symbol of all the manifold inconveniences wrought by the flood, the failure of electric light, the disorganisation of trams and 'buses, the bursting of drains, and the swamping of houses, and perhaps none of them was more demoralising.

By the time that Paris woke up to the fact that it was war with water, the most evasive and insidious of enemies, the Seine

had made the low-lying suburbs its own. From visits to outlying districts I retain a vague impression of thick black slime, abject shivering misery, and great lakes of yellow water, with here and there the upper story of a house rising like an island from the desolate waste. From the Ile de la Grande Jatte, where the little restaurants were six feet deep in water, I watched a rescue party row back with difficulty across the river. They had saved a few pathetic sticks of furniture and a great mattress which, as its owner with exultation pointed out to the sympathetic crowd, was perfectly dry. A covered cart was in waiting, but the inside was already full, and the mattress was hoisted on to the roof. Alas for the vanity of human exultation! Hardly had it been tied in place when a storm of torrential rain swept down and drenched the mattress and its poor despairing owner as thoroughly as though they had fallen in the Seine. All the time the Seine was rising remorselessly, and those whose houses were threatened gathered along the banks in the rain watching the river with the silence of utter dejection, though some of the braver spirits were building walls of masonry across their thresholds, walls over which a few hours later the river had risen.

At Bercy, within the fortifications, the quay was under water. The scene was indescribably desolate; a long row of cheerless houses three feet deep in water, as far as the eye could see; a double row of lighted gas-lamps burning pale and absurd in the gray daylight, because the flood had made it impossible to extinguish them; a punt conveying a workman to his flooded home, poled slowly along by two policemen, and bumping monotonously against the poplars and sunken railings; two soldiers on a flimsy raft that the most destitute of mariners would have scorned, steering an erratic course as one of them paddled desperately with a tin pan; and only one bright touch. From the sixth story of one of the beleaguered houses a scarlet duster shaken by some careful housewife waved defiance to the river.

A day or two later and the Seine was working havoc in the very heart of the city. On the left bank the defences were weakened by the low-level railway lines running from the great Orleans terminus of the Quai d'Orsay to the Austerlitz station, and from the Esplanade des Invalides to the Auteuil viaduct. The whole length of these lines was flooded twenty feet deep. The Seine actually flowed through the Orsay terminus as the water poured on to the line higher up the river and then fell back into the Seine



through the ventilation shafts of the station, which looked for all the world like a swimming bath. Only the iron gallery, on a level with the entrance from the road, was left unsubmerged; the central depth had been converted into a huge tank of muddy water, while the sightseer looked vainly for the engines and carriages that lay drowned beneath. The unfinished works of the Metropolitan railway running from north to south had been converted into a subterranean river at right angles to the Seine two miles long, and were flooding squares and streets a mile away near the St. Lazare Station. On the right bank the river was threatening to overflow the embankments, and the problem of defence became a difficult one; for the damage done by the inundation of the Saint Germain quarter by the water from the Orsay station, and of many streets in the central districts by percolation, would have been nothing to the havoc that would have been wrought by the direct sweep of the Seine over the embankments on the right bank. One of the difficulties of the situation was the Pont de l'Alma, which, with its low arches, was almost submerged, and held back in the centre of Paris great masses of water that threatened to sweep over the quays.

One evening while the river was still rising, the last of the traditional Boulevard cafés where the foreign tourist is still regarded as an interloper was filled with its usual crowd of *habituels*; mostly journalists or literary men, they all knew one another at least by sight, and conversation went on merrily at the little tables despite the stifling atmosphere, while an eccentric band jerked out the latest tunes that had come down from Montmartre. The only topic of conversation was the flood; and it was discussed with the true Parisian air of *persiflage* and detachment, though some of the wildest jesters would have later in the evening to take boats to reach their homes. Suddenly, no one knew how or whence, a rumour ran through the café that the central span of the Pont de l'Alma had been blown up to allow the river to pass more freely. Everyone there seemed to learn it at the same instant from some invisible agency, and for a few seconds there was a silence that suggested dismay. A journalist hurriedly gulped down the coffee that had been standing for the last hour before him, paid the waiter, and rushed out into the snowy night. Then the band struck up a new tune and the buzz of conversation burst out anew; the tone was the same, but the gaiety was rather forced, and witticisms at the expense of the Pont de l'Alma fell flat, for



every true Parisian felt that a little piece of his beloved city had perished.

The rumour was a false one, and the Pont de l'Alma was still standing sturdily as ever against the flood. On the approaches to the bridge a whispering crowd had gathered waiting to see how dynamite and the river would work its destruction, or failing that strong sensation, curious as to what would happen when the river reached the keystone of the highest span. The bridge was closed to the public, but for the privileged observer whom the police officer in charge allowed to pass with a whispered '*A vos propres risques et périls—méfiez-vous!*' the scene was terrible and splendid.

Standing over the central span of the deserted bridge I watched that night the yellow river, too turbid to reflect the scattered lights on the half-submerged embankments, as it swept down 'too full for sound or foam' between the snow-covered barges and pontoons. The Seine was silent, absolutely silent, but the impression of irresistible might and headlong speed gave its silence the quality of a song of triumph, the triumph of a malignant deity over the works of man. The stillness was only broken by the continuous boom of the driftwood as it struck the masonry beneath with a sound like distant musketry. At a little distance the river seemed higher than the keystone, though there was a foot or two to spare, and as it rushed on its waters were sucked down through the arches into an unfathomable gulf. In the wicked yellow light that proceeded mysteriously from the river itself the colossal stone soldiers of the Second Empire that guard the piers of the Pont de l'Alma, shoulder-deep in the angry river, their caps white with snow, stood motionless at their posts as befitted veterans of the Crimea, and bore up with heroic indifference great masses of driftwood which swayed uneasily in the current.

Down by the river one realised that the Boulevards themselves, with their brilliance and gaiety, their rich shops, cafés, and theatres, were almost within the river's reach; there were only a few sand-bags and a plank or two between the Boulevardier sipping his coffee in the café half a mile away, and the cold, foul water, which, though it had not yet swept over the earthworks of defence, was finding its treacherous way through hidden channels into the best-defended quarters of the town, flooding basements and cellars, tearing up drains and electric cables, and working mischief with all the malicious caprice of Nature uncontrolled.

Up the Seine on the right bank men were working for dear life

by the light of naphtha flares to raise the earthworks along the parapet of the embankment. The Quai de la Conférence and the fashionable avenue of Cours-la-Reine were deep in water, but a thin line of sandbags backed here and there by wooden screens still kept back the surface flood. As the river rose, and it rose eventually over five feet above the level of the embankment, the military engineers raised the height of the barrier, which was half a mile long. That night the water was steadily creeping higher and higher, while a civil engineer, mud-bespattered, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole, was standing on the corner of the sandbag bastion by the Pont de la Concorde and measuring its advance. He turned to a stranger beside him and said: 'The river is still rising as fast as ever. If the barrier goes, five feet of water will sweep across the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevards—over everywhere,' he added with an expressive gesture, 'until it meets the flood that the Metropolitan is pouring out round the Saint Lazare Station.' Then abruptly he turned to a non-commissioned officer awaiting orders behind him, 'Give me another tier of sandbags.' Orders were hoarsely shouted, and a crowd of little black figures, each shouldering a sandbag, swarmed like ants along the narrow earthwork, on the one side a few inches above the river, on the other a foot or so above the flood that lay deep on the embankment and on the Avenue of Cours-la-Reine. Weary as they were after three days' unceasing toil, each man swung his sandbag into its place with a will, and burst into a soldiers' chorus that sounded strangely merry amid the desolation around.

That night the Quai du Louvre was barred off by the police, and a silent crowd gathered at the barrier though nothing could be seen, anxious for the safety of the collections that are the pride of France. In the mist the Seine seemed as broad as the Rhine at Cologne, and the eye of fancy could descry Notre Dame between two raging floods, splendid and fearless in the majesty of its builders' faith. At this point the river flows beneath the Pont des Arts, and as its water poured through the iron supports of the bridge it made the little rippling noise of a hundred small cascades, a sound like malicious laughter even more terrible than its silence.

The roadway along the southern façade of the Louvre was all uneven with the pressure of the overflowing drains beneath it, as though an earthquake had passed, and it sagged down suddenly just beneath the balcony of the splendid Jean-Goujon door. Here,

out of sight of the anxious crowd, there was a scene of feverish activity. Men were tearing up cobbles from the road and building a rough wall across a gap in the parapet, where a flight of steps goes down to the river. There was need of haste; for the water that looked black and stagnant in the glare of the naphtha flares was creeping up apace and licking the lowest tier of cobbles. Others were recklessly digging great holes in the footpath between the poplars, and ramming the earth into bags, or nailing together great pieces of driftwood, fished from the river, to form a screen behind the sandbags on the parapet and hold them against the pressure of the current, while carts kept rumbling in and unloading piles of stone and rubble against the wall and screen. I glanced over the screen that reached my chin, expecting to see the river five feet or so below me, and drew back with a start of alarm when I saw the gleam of water above the stone parapet and realised that it was only held back by the flimsy barrier. A few hours later and the river would have won; all the basements of the Louvre would have been flooded, and the water would have carried ruin across the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal.

It was no wonder that a sense of impending disaster hung over Paris; yet there was much in the situation that was simply comic. The special envoys of the King of the Belgians, invited to a lunch at the Foreign Office, were carried there in a large flat-bottomed boat poled by a couple of watermen. Naval boats of the collapsible Berthon pattern were to be seen on waggons in the Avenue de l'Opéra, while bare-footed sailors splashed contentedly in the lake opposite the Saint Lazare Station. At the time the incongruity of these things was scarcely realised.

Bridge after bridge was closed to the public as great masses of driftwood that could not be dislodged formed against them, until at one moment traffic was forbidden over all the nine bridges that lie between the Pont Neuf and the Pont de Grenelle. Cabs, carts, and every kind of vehicle concentrated in the unflooded streets, were blocked into a solid mass that surpassed the wildest nightmares of congested traffic. Part of the Place de l'Opéra began to collapse, and a cab might take two hours to get from the Opera to the Madeleine, five minutes' walk. An unreasoning panic seized the cabmen and chauffeurs; they were possessed with the fixed idea that no bridge across the Seine was safe, and no bribe would persuade them to cross the river; while they refused to take fares for even the shortest distance. Men left their homes dry-shod in

the morning, and returning from business had to wade up to their knees through unlighted streets or creep perilously along a narrow plank gangway, only to find that it stopped short just where the water was deepest. One evening I was walking down a street which a few hours before had been thick with traffic. A single cart passed down beside me, and at once, without the slightest warning, the road began to undulate; the next minute I was in water up to the knees, and one wheel of the cart had sunk through the wood pavement up to the axle. Once wet, I plodded on through the water and in the darkness blundered against a plank which formed part of a trestle bridge some five feet from the ground; then, climbing up, found myself at a perilous elevation on two exceedingly narrow planks. After cautiously venturing forward some little way, a woman's shriek sounded so close to me that I almost lost my balance. Then in the obscurity a long row of black figures was discernible all on the bridge and coming in the opposite direction to myself. I succeeded in helping the young woman who had shrieked to pass me; then an elderly business man slipped between the two planks at my feet, and was hauled up with difficulty; then finally there was a crack, a plank broke, and some unfortunate person fell flat on his face in two feet of filthy water. At last, somehow or other, I reached higher ground, and found a pathetic group of men and women, lighted by a policeman's lantern, waiting to take their turn on the remains of the gangway. They were returning to their homes in the street which had been flooded since they went out.

On Saturday, January 29, Paris awoke to a bright sunny morning and the end of its nightmare. Early in the morning crowds gathered along the embankment, no longer murmuring in melancholy chorus '*Ça monte, ça monte,*' but laughing and chattering as they watched with uproarious satisfaction the broadening of the thin dark line which showed that the Seine was no longer rising or stationary but slowly falling. Sunshine restored, even in the flooded quarters, the true Parisian gaiety that had for a time been overclouded with a terrible sense of powerlessness and insecurity. The flooded streets were bright and gay in the sunlight, as boats plied to and fro, carrying men and women to their work. Everyone was good-humoured, and even a portly business man swarming down a rope from a first-story window into a police-boat, while his wife and children watched his gymnastic prowess with undisguised horror, was laughing heartily, and fully conscious

of the humour of the situation. Throughout the day crowds flocked to all the quarters that the river had attacked. To make the scene more gay, soldiers were everywhere, standing on guard at dangerous points or gathered round fires of wood-paving blocks and drinking coffee and hot wine. Everyone had an air of triumph; for the Seine had at last confessed itself defeated, and it only remained for Paris to show once again its superiority to disaster. In almost every street between Montmartre and the river pumps were hard at work: encouragement came from the news that the Seine was falling to resume what had been before the hopeless task of emptying cellars and basements; there were pumps of every kind, large and small, hand-pumps, smart electric pumps, steam pumps, and monstrous indescribable pieces of machinery that took up half the roadway, obscured the sunshine with clouds of filthy smoke, and looked as if they had been rescued from the scrap-heap. Half Paris was in the streets gaping at the excavations, where the water had entangled planks and masonry, pipes and cables in inextricable confusion, and examining the barricades with eager interest while their elders compared them with the barricades of the Commune.

H. WARNER ALLEN.

### THE ARROW THAT FLIETH.

THE life of the guide-book writer has, like most careers, its disadvantages and compensations. One sees much that is beautiful and interesting; one learns much; and, if one has any literary capacity, one picks up a good deal of copy; on the other hand, one has to stay occasionally at fashionable watering places, take the regular charabanc excursions, &c., &c., which is real suffering.

Guide-book duty led me to Spabeck, amongst all the horrors of fashionable costumes, bath-chairs containing green or purple-faced invalids, evil-smelling, evil-tasting waters, functions, motor and coach excursions, kursaals, and similar repugnant items. Nevertheless Duty—with a capital D—compelled. Accordingly my journey thither was spent in studying some half-dozen Spabeck guides, and trying to puzzle out a programme which should be complete and yet compressed.

'Hermanby House and Park' (10 miles. *Public coach, Wednesday, morning and afternoon, return fare 3s. 6d.*) . . . HERMANBY HOUSE . . . fine collection of china and glass. . . . Picture Gallery . . . Joshua Reynolds. Hobbema. Cuyp. Corot, &c., HERMANBY PARK. Topiary Garden, second only to that at Levens Hall. . . . The river Herman, which passes through the Park, was artificially broadened by the present Lord Hermanby's grandfather. . . . Swannery. . . . Heronry . . . &c., &c.

I knew Hermanby House and Park; I had been thoroughly over them some five years before, but I also knew that if you revisit an important show place, you will find it unchanged in all essentials, but, if you do not revisit it, something of importance will have altered or vanished, and by and bye you will hear of it, particularly should the item be the closing up of a neighbouring hostelry. I recollected, too, that I had been at Harrow with Menston before he became Lord Hermanby, and that he would probably allow me a private view on the strength of old association, but he was almost certain to be away, far from the madding trippers' ignoble incursions. So it was Wednesday or no day, so far as my visit was concerned, and the morrow would be Wednesday.

Accordingly, the following morning saw me starting after an

early breakfast. The distance being short, I preferred to walk so as to escape the objectionable camaraderie of a charabanc, an instrument of torture, which I noticed with some horror had been supplemented by huge motor conveyances, run by the railway company. I contemplated with disgust the prospect of being overtaken, smothered, and choked by these, yet the alternative of a drive with its human concomitants was more disagreeable still.

I had so timed my walk that I reckoned on being passed about half way, at the little village of Posford, where I could escape for welcome refreshment from the discomfort of the road, whilst the procession of vehicles rolled by. Posford, however, was passed and Hermanby in sight, and yet no public conveyance had overtaken me. I congratulated myself, ironically, on having been such a fool as to start off without making inquiries. Without doubt the show-day had been altered, and I should only have my pains for my labour. I arrived at the Park Lodge in no very amiable temper.

Just as I reached the gates, who should come out of the lodge but Lord Hermanby himself, accompanied, rather to my surprise, by a police-inspector. He looked at me keenly for a moment, then held out his hand.

'Civis Hergensis sum,' he exclaimed cordially, 'Weren't we at Harrow together? You're Dutton, aren't you? You remember me—Menston senior?'

'Yes, I remember you all right,' I replied, shaking hands warmly, 'You had not come into your kingdom then——'

'Well, you come into it now,' he said, genially, taking me by the arm. 'I insist on your stopping to lunch. What brings you here? What are you doing? How come you to look so disgustingly young? Tell me all about everything.'

'Please, sir,' I replied, woefully, 'I'm a pore Fleet Street scribe, and I put a little jam on my hard-earned bread and butter by writing guide-books. That is what brings me here. I am pretty fit, thank goodness, because I always walk if I can possibly avoid driving or tubeing. Moreover, I will come with thee to lunch.'

He laughed merrily.

'I'm afraid you've come here on a wild goose chase so far as your work is concerned. I've been obliged to close Hermanby to the public. Haven't you seen it? The local papers have been full of the business.'



'Eh?' I demanded, stopping short. 'And what do the public say?'

'Oh yes,' he replied, 'I've brought a pretty peck of troubles about my ears. It is rough on the public, and especially on the motor and coach proprietors. I am besieged by letters daily. But that's not all. I am expecting a siege of another kind. Look there.'

He led me round a bend in the walk, and there, under the green-wood tree, very much at their ease, were half a dozen policemen, lolling on the turf. I looked a question.

'It's perfectly true,' continued Hermanby, 'I'm in a state of siege, and, as the attack may very well come to-day, you are one of the garrison. However, there's no good beginning at the wrong end of the story. Come with me, and I'll tell you all about it.'

Hermanby Lake is one of the prettiest little spectacles in England, and is in many respects unique. As at Studley Royal, it is bounded on one side by a magnificent hedge of trimmed yew, and surrounded on all others by varied and beautiful timber; and as at Studley Royal the river has been artificially broadened and spread out into a lake, but there the resemblance ends. At Hermanby there are none of the trim grass lawns, none of the statues and temples that distinguish, and, in my opinion, disfigure the early portion of the approach to Fountains Abbey. All is cultured wildness, broken banks, beds of lush reeds, pretty islets covered with wild flowers and ferns. But the feature of the scene is the multitude of feathered life. Ducks and other aquatic birds of all climates and colours cover the water. Here an English heron sits brooding philosophically; there a delicate crested egret watches warily; swans, black and white, cruise up and down in their inimitable elegance. As Hermanby and I approached the water's edge, one of these, a great white bird, the largest I have ever seen, started away from the reeds at our feet, and sailed out in angry haste, a picture of offended dignity.

'Poor old Trumpet-Major!' said Hermanby. 'He does well to be angry. He represents the tragic part of the trouble. And now let's sit down and smoke whilst I recount the sorrows of the House of Hermanby.'

I cast myself with lazy deliberation on the grass, lit my pipe, and made ready to listen. It appeared that on the Wednesday fortnight Hermanby had been inspecting some new fencing he was thinking of having put up, when he was attracted by an unusual cackling amongst his ducks. He ran in the direction of the sound

and, at the water's edge, beheld a youth, a sort of embryo-hooligan, who had strayed from the tripper visitation, pelting his birds, encouraged thereto by a parent like unto himself. At the sight the dignity of the Lord of the Manor was forgotten in the primitive instinct of man, and a good hearty kick sent the young scoundrel to an accustomed wash in the lake. The father violently resented this treatment of his offspring, and—here Hermanby's broad shoulders shook with laughter—fell into the water, too. After which Hermanby went back to the fencing, leaving a keeper to guard against any repetition of the offence, and thought no more of the matter.

On the following evening, however, he received an extremely illiterate communication from the neighbouring town of Wakeford signed Mike Davis. Now Wakeford is a mining centre, which is celebrated for four things: the value of its mineral products; the fact that it invariably returns a Radical, nowadays a Labour, member; the reputation of being the third most drunken town in the three kingdoms; and the established certainty that no member of its bench has ever been, or is ever likely to be, presented with a pair of white gloves. Mike Davis was a notorious figure among the most ruffianly of the Wakeford ruffians, and notable as a preacher of anarchy and atheism. The purport of this estimable individual's letter was that he was not going to have the law of Hermanby, 'miscalled "lord," because there was one law for the rich and another for the poor,' but that he had better look out for himself. Hermanby put the letter behind the fire.

'Now,' he continued, raising himself on his elbow, 'amongst my bird collection two of the most valuable were a brace of Trumpeter Swans from Canada. They were splendid birds. That one you see out there,' pointing to the swan that had specially attracted my attention, 'must be close on six feet long from tip to tail. He was always a sulky beggar, but his mate, the poor old Trumpetress, was most amiable. She would come and feed out of my hand.'

He broke off with a fierce expression of wrath. What had happened was this. On the following show-day, Mike Davis, with half a dozen kindred spirits, had come over from Wakeford and visited the lake. They bided their time, carefully baiting the bank with bits of cake, sugar, and other dainties, until a large company of fowl had assembled. They then fell on the helpless birds with sticks and flints, with which they had filled their pockets, killing and maiming several, and kicking the confiding Trumpetress to

death with their metalled boots, before she could escape to the water.

They hardly fared better themselves. The keepers and several of the better-class tourists rushed to the rescue. Hermanby himself was soon on the scene, and the authors of the despicable outrage were severely handled.

'I paid particular attention to Master Davis,' he ended, grimly. 'I know he could not go to work for two days.'

'But surely,' I remarked, 'you don't expect any repetition of the outrage.'

'Well, I don't know,' was the response. 'I am threatened with an organised raid. I don't suppose they will come. I only hope they do. I am not unpopular with my tenants, and they are as indignant as myself. In fact they are spoiling for the fray. I don't imagine anything *will* happen. Such fellows are brave only in words and dirty tricks. Still, should they scrape together sufficient courage, I have the police here for them. I don't want their physical assistance, you understand, but the moral support of the law is worth a deal in such affairs.'

'I hope they do come,' I said, unconsciously running my fingers over the muscles of my arm, 'I should like to interview that crowd, cowardly brutes.'

'Good old Dutton,' commented Hermanby,

Never the battle raged hottest but in it,  
Neither the last nor the faintest, were you ;

but I am afraid you will be disappointed. It is not any apprehension of an attack from that crowd that has compelled me to close the house. What I fear is this—that someone of them may sneak into one of the galleries, and then—one rip with a knife and one of my priceless pictures would be ruined. A blow with a stick or hand and hundreds of pounds' worth of china might be shattered. You quite see? I hate appearing churlish, but I don't see how I can act otherwise.'

'I don't see how either,' I assented. 'From socialists, atheists, and such vermin may a healthy public opinion deliver us.'

'Or a pestilence or an earthquake, or anything that would wipe them out completely,' assented Hermanby, benevolently. 'But enough of such unpleasantnesses. Let us take a wander, and talk over old times.'

Whilst strolling up to the house, we met a bright-looking youth

of about fourteen. He had evidently been in the wars. His face was bruised and marked, and over one eye, evidently a very black eye, was a handkerchief. Him Hermanby accosted, cheerily.

'Hullo, Dan, aren't you afraid those Wakeford fellows may come over?'

Dan gave an extraordinary grin.

'Ah hope they do,' he replied. 'Ah'd laike to get yon young Davis in a saw-pit. Ah'd lather un!'

'But,' smiled Hermanby, 'they say he's pretty good with his hands.'

'On his feet,' returned Dan, disdainfully, 'but he couldna hop about in a saw-pit. He may be clever, but he must be a coward—nobut a coward could stone they poor birds. And it's t' heart carries one through, my lord.' And with a sagacious wag of his head, accompanied by a respectful salute, Dan went his way.

'That's young Dan Leathard, my head-keeper's son,' laughed Hermanby. 'A regular young bull-dog. He went into the battle with the best of us, and, as you see, was rather badly knocked about. I believe, though, to use his own phrase, he got back a bit of his own from the offender in chief, Mike Davis himself.'

'Good lad,' I assented, and the conversation drifted off into old school days, 'days of fresh air in the rain and the sun.'

'I am *en garçon*,' said Hermanby, as we entered the Hall, 'Lady Hermanby has gone to Scotland, and I should be there too by now, but for this trouble. So here I am, all alone. And that reminds me. How abominably inhospitable you must think me! Why shouldn't you do your guide-work from here? My motor is at your disposal, and I can tour round with you, and learn something of my native place.'

I closed with the offer unhesitatingly, and it was arranged that, as soon as lunch was finished, I should motor over to Spabeck for my traps and stay at Hermanby as long as I cared to do so.

'And now,' said Hermanby, 'we have just time to take a look round the Picture—but what on earth can the matter be?'

I turned and followed his eyes. Across the lawn a man was coming towards us. He was running when I first saw him, but the next moment he had stopped and was beating his head with his clenched hands. Then, with a fierce, despairing gesture, he started running again.

'It's Leathard, the keeper,' exclaimed Hermanby, springing forward. 'What is it?' he shouted.

By this time the man had reeled up to us, and we could see his face distinctly. Such an expression of wrath and despair I hope I may never see again. Once and again he strove to speak, but remained stammering, his hands clutching at his throat.

'Hold up, man,' said Hermanby, sharply. 'Pull yourself together.'

With a great effort the keeper steadied himself, and managed to stammer out,

'My boy! My boy! Killed! Those devils——'

At the words Hermanby was racing towards the lake with me close at his heels. It was, alas! too true. There lay the lad who had passed only so short a time before full of health and courage, dead. I can see every detail of the scene now, the placid lake covered with beautiful water fowl, away, by itself, the great trumpeter, floating double, swan and shadow, the noble trees stirring their rich foliage to the summer air, the clear blue sky overhead, the tender turf beneath us, and at our feet the sign-manual of murder.

Hermanby had himself in hand in a moment. He had fought with Paget's Horse in South Africa, and was seasoned to death and emergencies.

'Dutton,' he said, quickly, 'are you afraid to stay here alone?'

'Afraid?' I asked in surprise, 'Why?'

'Because the murderer may be close here. I must leave you for a few minutes—it is imperative that we act at once. That poor fellow,' pointing to Leathard, who was kneeling in pitiable grief by his son's body, 'is no use. You see, the murderer might attack you.'

'I only hope he does,' I said grimly, but I knew not what I said.

Hermanby darted off in the direction of the main gates almost before the words were out of my mouth, and a little later I saw him hastening up to the Hall with a constable at his heels. At the same time the police inspector came up.

We waited a few interminable minutes in silence, broken only by the hoarse breathing of the stricken father. Then from the Hall came the whirr of a motor, and almost immediately afterwards a deep rich baying. A few moments later Hermanby came tearing down with two grand bloodhounds in the leash.

'Posted the men, Inspector?' he gasped.

'Yes, my lord. They are picketed one to every three hundred yards. Not a living thing can get out unseen in that direction,' pointing across the lake.

'Good! Now then, murderer,' shouted Hermanby, 'the game's up. Hark to him, Hubert! Hark to him, Talbot!'

The great hounds sniffed the corpse for a moment, and then sprang simultaneously to the water's edge, only a few feet distant. There they halted and threw up their heads with a long simultaneous howl.

We rushed to the place. The reeds were broken down at the point as if by some heavy body.

'The cunning devil,' exclaimed Hermanby, 'he knows of my hounds and has taken to the water. But we'll have him yet. You, Inspector, wait here. You, Dutton, take Talbot round that side of the lake, I will go round this with Hubert.'

With tense muscles and every sense alert I followed the hound. In and out among the trees he wound, sniffing excitedly, but never breaking into music. On and on we went, till through the undergrowth I caught a glimpse of a figure. I dropped the leash and ran in at it. It was Hermanby. Again and again we cast. Not a sign of a trail could the hounds lift.

At length Hermanby gave up the chase.

'He can't be here, Dutton,' he said, 'but it may be he is hiding in the reeds. Take charge of the hounds, whilst I go to the punt.'

He left me as he spoke, and shortly after I saw him push out on to the lake in a rusty old punt, used by the waterman who had charge of the birds. Every clump of reeds, each overhanging bush he searched, with the iron shod punt-hole poised to strike, but searched in vain. At last he came ashore.

'You may call in the police, Inspector,' he said discontentedly. 'The man has not escaped this way.'

'Might we not try the hounds in some other direction, my lord?' asked the Inspector.

'Certainly, but we may as well have the assistance of your men. Meanwhile, there is no reason why we should not begin.'

Once more the hounds were brought to the body, and this time they struck up towards the Hall, but with less certainty. Once or twice they turned on the trail, and finally came to a dead stand. Then, after sniffing for a moment, they made back towards the lake.

'They've been following Leathard,' growled Hermanby. 'This is where we met him this morning. We must take a wider cast.'

Almost at once the hounds picked up a scent and started at speed, tugging at their leashes and whining excitedly. Right across the Park they took us, and into a small copse. Here they zigzagged

for a while, and then sped away down a drive, through a gate, and stopped at the door of a pretty cottage, wagging their tails and looking thoroughly pleased with themselves.

Hermanby swore.

'This is the keeper's lodge. They have been on Leathard's tracks again. It is provoking. I would back these hounds to have run the man down right away. There is something mysterious here.'

'I don't think you have any reason to be disappointed with the hounds, my lord,' said the inspector, significantly.

Hermanby looked at him angrily. He understood what he meant. Then he turned moodily towards the Hall, and we followed in silence.

A motor was standing opposite the hall-door, and the chauffeur came to meet us.

'Doctor Saville has gone down to the lake to inspect the body, my lord, and has taken the policeman you left here with him. The policeman wants to see you very particular.'

During our absence the corpse had been decently covered with a sheet and laid on a hurdle. Beside it were standing two of the stable-hands and a constable. At the edge of the lake, just where we had noticed the crushing of the reeds, a dapper little man in a grey suit, with his back to us, was peering into the water. A little further away, grief-stricken, were the keeper and his wife; but that is a picture I do not care to recollect, far less to describe.

At the sound of our voices the little man turned round.

'Ah! good morning, Lord Hermanby,' he said briskly. 'Your motor caught me at home. Well, have you found anything?'

Hermanby shook his head.

'Can you make anything of it, doctor?' he asked. 'It is, I presume, murder.'

'I think so. I have been making all inquiries I could, and that poor fellow'—indicating Leathard—'has been singularly lucid—singularly. He has recovered from the first shock, and his one idea now is revenge. The body was found there'—pointing to the water's edge—'with the head and shoulders and part of the trunk immersed, but the legs and hips on dry land. The cause of death was unquestionably suffocation—*i.e.* drowning.'

'But how came the body there, sir?' asked the inspector. 'Have you any—'

The doctor made an impatient movement.



'Wait!' he said. 'I don't want to be confused. The cause of death was unquestionably drowning, and what is remarkable—note this, inspector—is that the head and shoulders were pressed down and held under water for a considerable time. If you look for yourselves, you will see the marks in the mud quite distinctly. Besides, the boy's nostrils are full of mud that has, I think, been forced in. Now, as to how the body came there. The number of bruises are confusing, but most are old; got, I take it, in the scrimmage last week. There is, however, a large fresh bruise on the right cheek, and a small wound, or rather contusion and lesion—a cracked bruise, that is—just behind the left ear. Now, this injury has evidently been inflicted with some blunt but pointed instrument with considerable violence.'

'Sufficient violence to cause death?' asked Hermanby.

'Not in my opinion, so far as my present examination permits me to form one. Insensibility, perhaps. My idea is that the poor boy was struck from behind and knocked senseless into the water. The murderer then seems to have held the head under until he was sure that his victim was dead.'

'Have you any idea of the nature of the blunt instrument?' asked the inspector. 'Might it not have been a knuckle?'

The doctor considered a moment.

'Possibly,' he said at length; 'but I hardly think so. The blow might have been inflicted with a roughly cut cudgel; but I hardly think that either. No, I have no definite idea of the nature of the instrument. And now, constable, will you tell the inspector what you have found out?'

The policeman stepped forward and made his report briskly and concisely.

'I telephoned through to Wakeford, sir, as you ordered, for information as to the whereabouts of Davis. It appears that shortly after midday, about the time the murder was committed, he, with some of his gang, was holding a kind of open-air meeting, and haranguing the crowd with a view to inciting them to join him in a raid on Lord Hermanby's property. The crowd, however, took a different view. They charged him with being the cause of their being deprived of admission to the park; and finally he and his fellows were pelted out of the street with refuse and mud. Some of them are reported to have been roughly handled.'

'So,' said Hermanby, 'it could not have been Davis; and we are as far off a clue to the murder as ever, if not farther.'

The inspector motioned us with his hand. We walked with him till out of earshot of the group by the corpse.

'There's no good shutting our eyes to what is obvious, my lord,' he began in a low voice. 'There can be very little doubt what has happened. Whose trail did the hounds so persistently follow——'

'You don't mean,' broke in Hermanby, 'that you think Leathard is guilty!'

'I am afraid there can be no doubt about it. Of course it is not a case of murder, but of manslaughter. You can picture it for yourselves. The father and son have a quarrel, and the father loses his temper and strikes the son harder than he reckons, either with his fist or with a stick. The blow takes effect behind the ear, and proves fatal. Overwhelmed with grief and horror——'

'The father,' interrupted the doctor, 'picks up the son, forces his head and shoulders under water, and holds him there until death is made doubly certain. You must find another theory, inspector.'

The officer looked somewhat gravelled and annoyed for a moment. Then his brow cleared.

'I am thankful to say I believe I must,' he said. 'All the same, there must be some clue. The case must be dead simple; I never came on a simpler on the face of it. And yet it beats me right away from the start.'

'Well perhaps the coroner's inquest will help to clear the matter up,' suggested the doctor. 'You see, my examination has been necessarily only superficial. And now, Lord Hermanby, I can do no more good here, and have patients to attend to, so I'll say good-bye. I am afraid I must ask you to frank me back in your motor.'

'Certainly,' assented Hermanby. 'You may as well go with him, Dutton,' he continued, turning to me. 'His house is on the way to Spabeck, so you can drop him, and then go on and bring back your luggage.'

On my return Hermanby met me at the park gates with effusion.

'I am glad you are back,' he said wearily. 'This horrid business is getting on my nerves. Quite apart from the tragedy, I have had three detectives down here who have cross-examined till I am dead tired. They are fooling'—with vicious emphasis on the word—'round the lake now; to say nothing of a host of

irresponsible chatterers. One of them,' he ended grimly, 'was good enough to suggest I was an ass; and I think he was right. Why, Dutton, did we come to overlook anything so obvious as the murderer having climbed a tree?'

'And been treed by the hounds for an absolute certainty,' I commented. 'I don't think the folly is on your side. Take my advice. Go indoors, shut yourself up, have a smoke, and refuse to see anyone. I will do that for you, if necessary.'

'Thanks, old chap,' he answered. 'I will do as you suggest. By the way, don't dress for dinner. Sit down booted and spurred, with your loins girded. I have premonition that something will happen to-night. Don't laugh at me.'

I did not feel like laughing. The events of the day had got on my nerves too.

The evening closed down sultry and oppressive. The atmosphere pressed heavily. Every now and then, away in the west, a deep, prolonged threatening murmur harbingered the approach of a storm. Near at hand, on the road, the wheels of passing vehicles grated on the ear with irritating intensity, and all around was

the dull sound

That from the mountains, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.

The harsh sound of the gong jarred startlingly on the troubled stillness. The dinner itself was excellent, but Hermanby ate little, and hardly talked at all. He seemed to be listening intently (he insisted on the windows being wide open), and impatient to get the meal over. As soon as it was finished he took me into the hall.

'I have a pistol in my pocket,' he said; 'but I don't want to use that. Take a look round and select a weapon, in case—in case anything should happen, you know.'

The walls were hung with trophies of the chase and of battle of all lands and of all ages. The Hermanbys had been Nimrods and warriors from generation to generation.

'I don't suppose anything *will* happen,' I replied; 'but this seems a business-like kind of stick. I'll take this.'

As I spoke, I detached from below a South African shield one of those hard-wood Zulu clubs known as knob-kerries. Hermanby followed my example, opining that he could not do better. We

then went out into the porch, where coffee and cigars were waiting for us.

By this time the approach of the storm was visible. Great thunder clouds with livid edges, piled mass on mass and giving a tremendous impression of weight, were creeping up to the zenith, and along the horizon bright serpents of flame would flash into menacing being and disappear. The thunder was almost continuous.

Above and around us, however, all was calm and still, and radiant with moonlight. Nearer and nearer drew the tempest, until we could hear the distant sough of the rain and feel the chill of it on our temples. Hermanby rose wearily.

'There is no good waiting any longer,' he said. 'No human being in his senses would stir out on such a night as this. I am sorry, old man, to have let you in for such a futile vigil; but—'

From the lake came a quick, harsh challenging cry; then, in another voice, a shriek of wild terror, and shriek on shriek of agony and fear. I snatched my knob-kerrie and raced in the direction of the sounds. I could hear Hermanby plunging along beside me. As we drew nearer, I caught a glimpse of a violent agitation of the water, and seemed to hear a noise of splashing. Then all was still.

We pulled up at the margin of the lake and peered into the gloom. Hermanby struck a match—the air was still as in a closed room—and held it out at arm's length. The next moment he had sprung into the water.

I saw him stoop—the lake was barely waist-deep there—and grasp at something. Then with an effort he raised himself and waded to the bank, bearing in his arms the inanimate form of a man. At the same moment, with the roar of a torrent, down came the rain.

'I don't think he's quite dead,' panted Hermanby. 'Help me to carry him up to the house. Gently now, but quickly.'

As he was speaking I had taken the body by the feet, whilst he lifted it by the shoulders, and we started. All at once, just as we reached the porch, the man twisted himself, with incredible strength and violence, from our hands. For a few moments he writhed, dreadfully convulsed, then lay very, very still.

'This is horrible!' gasped Hermanby. 'Come! It is all over. Let us carry him to the light.'

We laid the body on a rug, and Hermanby switched on all the lights. We recoiled simultaneously. It was not the body—the

body dreadfully distorted ; it was not the face—the face bruised and mutilated—one eye had been driven in. It was the expression, the sense of fear in the expression ; and as we looked, the sense of fear gripped hard at our hearts.

Hermanby at length forced himself to examine the disfigured features.

‘ Good heavens ! ’ he exclaimed, ‘ it’s Mike Davis ! ’

There was nothing to be done that night, but as early as possible on the following morning the police were communicated with and the matter placed in their hands. They set to work with great diligence and intelligence, but effected nothing. It was not to be expected they should, as the torrential downpour of the night had washed away all possible traces of the murderer. Even the tracks of Hermanby and myself were obliterated.

The autopsy was equally unsatisfactory. It was evident that both the victims had been attacked with a blunt instrument, the exact nature of which could not be identified, which was wielded with great violence. The ultimate cause of death in the case of the boy was drowning ; in that of the man, traumatic tetanus, which accounted for the violence of the convulsion that had twisted the body from our hands.

The object of Davis’s presence was easily explained. His coat-pockets were found full of meal, which chemical analysis proved to be poisoned. His intention had been, without doubt, to avenge himself on Hermanby by the destruction of his water-fowl ; but he had been struck down ere he could execute his dastardly design.

The inevitable verdict was, of course, ‘ Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,’ and official as well as popular opinion attributed the crime to some madman—a proposition to which the strange, inhuman nature of the cry that had first startled Hermanby and myself lent colour. But of the murderer no trace was found.

A week passed. There had been no recurrence of tragedy. Every night the police had patrolled the park and its environs in couples, taking with them, at their request, Hermanby’s blood-hounds, without coming on the faintest clue. The dreadful, mysterious visitant had apparently fled as silently and strangely as he had come.

It was my last evening. On the morrow Hermanby was to start for Scotland ; whilst I was forced to return to penal servitude in the detestable acreage of bricks and mortar on the Thames.

All that afternoon Hermanby had been thinking, and just before dinner he asked me, for the second time during my visit, not to dress.

'I'm not satisfied yet about this business,' he explained. 'Not one bit. Murder was committed. There is no doubt of that, and it is assumed—why, I don't know—that the murderer has left this part of the country. Except for his handiwork, there has been no evidence of his presence, though the opportunities of tracking him have been exceptional. Of course there has been no other murder; but that may be for a reason the police have, I think, overlooked. They have always patrolled the ground in couples, whereas—and the significance of this point has only just occurred to me—both the victims were absolutely alone. Don't you see what I mean? Though two men together might be perfectly safe, it does not follow that one, when alone, would not be attacked.'

'There's something in that,' I assented. 'What do you propose to do?'

'To make a last effort to-night and try to catch him, with myself as the bait. After dinner you and I will steal out. You will conceal yourself along the lower branches of that big fir tree—you know the one I mean, close by the water—whilst I wander up and down in the open. Then, if he does come for me from behind, you sing out; and between us we ought to nab him easily.'

'But supposing he bolts?' I suggested.

'I have thought of that. I shall post Leathard on the far side of the lake with the bloodhounds. He will be perfectly safe with them to guard him, and, in case of a chase, we should run our man down inside five minutes, though he were the fleetest foot in England. What do you say? Are you game?'

Naturally I did not hesitate. Indeed, I found myself looking forward to the possibility of an encounter with a murderer, who was also probably a madman, with an equanimity that approached eagerness.

It was an ideal night for our purpose, very still, with not too much moon. Stealthily we made our way to the fir tree. As soon as I was posted, Hermanby stepped ostentatiously into the open; whilst I waited, ready to spring out, my knob-kerrie in my hand.

All at once Hermanby turned and came quietly back.

'Look out!' he whispered. 'He's about somewhere. He's disturbed the old Trumpet-Major.'

Through the darkness I could see the great bird flapping across the surface of the lake, evidently, I thought, scared from its reed bed. Hermanby walked into the open again.

To my surprise, the swan did not settle in the water or turn at the sight of him. It flew on broad pinions past and over his head. Then suddenly it swerved and darted straight at him.

'Duck!' I had the presence of mind to shout.

Hermanby obeyed at once, and so just avoided the full impact of the rushing body. Nevertheless, a passing blow from the strong wing struck him on the side of the head and brought him staggering to his knees. Before he could recover himself, the swan had wheeled, and with a fierce thrust of its bill sent him senseless to the ground.

I rushed forward with my kerrie raised, shouting as I came to scare the brute. With incredible swiftness it swept itself from the ground, and, uttering a prolonged hoot of anger, dashed straight at my face. So disconcerting, so terrifying was the aspect of this winged fury that it unsteadied me. I missed its head with the knob of my kerrie and only struck the body with the shaft. The blow checked the onset, but the violence of the shock sent the stick flying from my grasp.

I sprang back to the fir tree. I realised that in the open I should have no chance, whereas the low branches would prevent the swan using its tremendous wings. In another moment it was on me.

Just for a moment it poised itself. Then, drawing back its long neck, like a serpent about to strike, it darted straight at my face. I parried the thrust, but, quick as lightning, it struck again, driving its bill against my breast-bone and staggering me. Before I could recover, with devilish cunning it dealt me a fearful blow on the shin, that brought me to the ground.

As I fell I grappled it close to me, so as to avoid the buffeting of its wings, and threw myself forward, intending to pinion it to the ground with my knees and wring its neck; but I had forgotten the sloping bank. The next moment I was in the water.

I held on for dear life, hugging the body to me with my right arm, whilst with left hand I held hard the sinewy neck, in the hope of preventing its bringing its bill into play. I had no conception of the muscular strength of my dreadful antagonist. A heavy blow with the wing almost paralysed my arm, and then, with a savage wrench, it twisted its neck free. Another moment and the beak descended with stunning violence on my head.



Through the whirring of my brain I could hear Leathard shouting, but I recognised, with a feeling of despair, that he must be too late. Once again I secured the neck. Once again it wrenched it free, and the fierce head shot triumphantly up to deal a finishing stroke.

There was a crashing of brushwood, a dark form bounded from the bank, a heavy body struck me, driving me down under the water, and at the same moment the swan was torn from my grasp. I reeled to my feet and looked. There in the deep water a fearful struggle was going on. The great bloodhound Hubert had sprung to my rescue in the nick of time.

The huge bird was showering blows on the dog with its powerful wings, but the cruel jaws never relaxed. Even as I watched, the hound shifted them till he had firm hold of the neck. There was a crunch, and the graceful, terrible head sank down and lay on the water, quite still.

Thus was the mystery of Hermanby Lake cleared up. The Trumpeter had seen its mate butchered, and in revenge had turned on mankind. In both the previous cases it had, doubtless, waited till they were at the edge of the water, and then with one fierce charge sent them to their death, never leaving them till life was extinct. Without doubt, Hermanby would have been dashed into the lake but for my warning shout.

Though bruised and battered and hurt, we were neither of us sufficiently injured to necessitate the postponement of our journey. Hermanby, indeed, seemed feverishly anxious to get away. As I was packing, he came into my room.

'I say, Dutton,' he said, 'let me see your guide-book. The part about Hermanby House, I mean.'

I complied. He began to read aloud.

'Here we are—"public coach"; that's all right. I shall take off the prohibition. "River Herman . . . artificially broadened." Ah, yes! You can strike out "Swannery," old chap.'

I looked up in some surprise.

'Yes. After last night, you understand! I shall sell my remaining swans. I don't think I shall ever care to see another after last night.'

CLAUDE E. BENSON.

# LATER LETTERS OF EDWARD LEAR.

'I DARE say you know my name : I once brought out the " Book of Nonsense," ' said the elderly gentleman wearing an eye-shade, as he sat under a shaded lamp in his solitary corner of the *salle-à-manger* of Dr. Pasta's Hotel at Monte Generoso. Darkness had fallen before I reached the hospitable light that beckoned the guideless wayfarer up the mountain path, bosky with beeches, from Mendrisio. The September sunset had faded across the outspread plain of Lombardy far beneath—

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers—

but not till it had lightened the load at every step—those were knapsack days—and tinged the mind with golden memories. Two belated guests, at their several suppers in an empty room, must needs eventually arrive at the Homeric question ' Who and whence art thou ? ' if they do not press the enquiry to ' What father dost thou boast ? ' I soon found I was in the presence of one who had seen as many cities and men as Odysseus, who knew their mind as clearly, and was no less full of craft and wiles and stories than the sly Ithacan—only the craft of Edward Lear was truth in art, the wiles were such as knew no guile, and his stories were lovely and delicious fun. After two days spent mostly in his company I became aware of the attachment and the confidence that only wait time for friendship, and his was the comprehensive friendship of a genius. And so it came to pass that in the closing years of his life I corresponded with him frequently and freely. Some of the less intimate portions of his letters to me are presented in this paper ; for there can be no reason why the currency of the household words which they contain should be limited to the recipient's own immediate circle.

Other geniuses have dealt in sense. He is the only genius of nonsense. The realm of sense is infinite. Metaphysicians may be left to decide whether the realm of nonsense is anything less than infinite. If it is not less, then there must be two infinities, each defining the other, which is absurd ! At any rate Lear's mind ranged over one or two infinities and revelled and romped in the

absurd. I think he was greater than all the geniuses who never looked into the infinity of nonsense and had no eye for it. No wonder Lear's two eyes had become somewhat enfeebled by years, one with observing nature with that scrupulous accuracy which marks all his pictures, the other with scanning the underlying nonsense which results from the happy combination of incompatibles.

Was ever art so aptly united with science in one and the same mind? Art selects, science collects. His business as a painter was to select the subject and the contents of his picture: his science collected with a marvellous readiness not the specimens that were to be compared and ordered and classified together as exhibiting varieties of the same genus, but those which were just incongruous and which in their juxtaposition—'Juxtaposition is great'—must simply make a man—and probably a cat—laugh loud and long.

Lear was fond of depreciating his life's work as that of 'a dirty landscape painter,' but when he applied the expression to himself there had been originally also an adjective before 'dirty' which began with the same consonant; and when he told how the title was originally bestowed upon him he heartily accepted it as truly conveying the miseries of long years of exposure to climate, rising before dawn and waiting in the open to paint the sunrise, enduring heat and cold and wet, lodging in unspeakable quarters, if haply he might please a fastidious public taste. It chanced that he had stayed the night at a mountain inn and engaged in civil conversation with two young Englishmen, who rose betimes next morning, and, like inconsiderate travellers, made as much noise over their departure as if all other guests in the hotel were asleep. Lear, who was also rising, overheard this remark from one of them who had gathered information downstairs: 'I say, Dick, you know that fellow we talked to last night; well, what do you think he is? He is a d—d dirty landscape painter.'

Thus Lear was like Odysseus again—'much-enduring, divine.' Whether in appearance Odysseus was really plain or not, whether

His mind was concrete and fastidious,  
His nose was remarkably big,  
His visage was more or less hideous,  
His beard it resembled a wig;

it cannot be doubted that he, like Lear, enjoyed his course of life, enjoyed laughing at himself, enjoyed possibly even caricaturing himself. I possess one of these caricatures, 'E. L., *æt.* 71,' attended

by 'Foss, *æt.* 14,' his faithful Manx cat, welcoming the present writer to Villa Tennyson, preceded by the Sanremo porter with portmanteau. Now this E. L. is essentially the same as that

Old Derry down Derry, who loved to see little folks merry,  
of the early sixties.

But did we not know in fact from 'Nonsense Songs and Stories' (p. 7) that he

— has many friends, laymen and clerical,  
Old Foss is the name of his cat :  
His body is perfectly spherical,  
He weareth a runcible hat,

we could still see him depicted in the frontispiece of the 'Book of Nonsense,' exhibiting the Book to the amazed, tumultuous, himmeltaneous children. The snub nose is a reminder of one greater than Odysseus, the real Socrates himself, and the projecting eyes were hardly less a marked feature in his later years than in Socrates. Had Socrates worn goggles, they would surely have dropped off in delight at welcoming a friend, his runcible hat would have slipped off behind, his arms would have been extended, the left arm exalted, the palm open, fingers too, while the right leg simply pranced with joy, bootlaces and buttons seeming to share in the profuse and prepossessing pageant of E. L. and that copy-cat Foss.

The first letter to be cited here is one of many containing references to his pictures, some of which are treasured exceedingly by the present writer.

Villa Tennyson, Sanremo, 6 Novr., 1882.

'I had thought to send you your 3 Monte Generosian scraps before now, but I have not been able to do so ; for, returning from that delectable mountain, I somehow contrived to misplace my sketches of the points you want—and nowhere could I find them until 2 days back, when it turned out that they had slipped down behind some folios. I sometimes believe that inanimate objix move about of their own selves to give mortles unnecessary trouble.' . . .

Here, then, is a fresh declaration of that Doctrine of Inanimate Intention which has illuminated so many of the Nonsense Songs, written long before it.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station,  
They galloped away to the beautiful shore ;  
In silence they rode, and ' made no observation,'  
Save this, ' We will never go back any more ! '

And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,  
 The sugar-tongs snap, and the crackers say 'crack' !  
 Till far in the distance, their forms disappearing,  
 They faded away—and they never came back !

The next deals with more serious subjects, at least in parts.

15 October, 1882.

... 'I take it there is no such happiness in this life as a really happy marriage—but I grant there are few when compared with the multitudinous majority of marriages unhappy—or marriages neither happy nor unhappy—but what I call "cup and saucer" marriages. . . .

'What I wanted to write to you was about the Prescott living. Have you really *finally* given it up and declined it? I have been thinking that—although your college life be more to your liking and in accord with your conscientious views of doing good—yet supposing illness or inability to go on with Liverpool work—would not the settled life inkum be a greater thing, and rejecting of it a flinging away the interpositions of Providence? I have my own likings for the Prescott choice, seeing that Prescott church spire was a part of my life for many years, and I must have made literally hundreds of sketches from Knowsley Park with that spire [sketched] in the distance. But if you have really and absolutely refused the living—what is done is done as the tadpole said when his tail fell off. And nothing will then be left me but to hope for the speedy decease or release of the next incumbent or encumberer, so that Prescott living may be again offered to you. . . .

'Your Cedars [of Lebanon, an oil-painting] go on well, considering how dark and rainy it has been and how many days not light enough for delicate work. But 7 goats, a Maronite priest, and various other vegetables have of late been inserted.

'There have been deluges of rain lately, and my garden was all overbeflowed: otters and salmon swimming all over the Virginian Stock, walrusses walking about the geranium cuttings and an obese hippopotamus sitting on the giant anemone. . . .

'Let us all hope for "lucidity," as the elephant said when they told him to get out of the light, because he was opaque.

'O! scissars and submarine sucking-pigs!! Here's the Bordighera railway bridge been and gone and broke his self down and the —s are stopped here—so I must go and see them. . . .

'I know I ought to put some letters after your name—but I don't know if they are B.A. or B.D. (B.C. would make you too old).'

Sanremo, 17 May, 1883.

... 'I have been putting ultimate and penultimate and propenultimate and apopospenultimate touches to the "Cedars" continually of late, and it is wonderful how greatly the picture is improved, nor can I tell you how much it has been admired. Enough for I, if you its pozeessur will see it with admiring ize and reflective mind . . . (When may a door be said to be in the potential mood?—When it is made of would—or could, or should be.)

... 'My garden is over and above abunjiantly lovely, and I myself am somewhat less mumpy, along of the summer weather, just set in a little too hot and suddenly, with full moons, broad beans and asparagus, exit of Anglo-Saxons, and other intangible vegetation.

'I will now look over your last letter and make ozbservations on its points, as the monkey said when he casually sat down on the pincushion. . . .

'Quâ daffodils, I have had none, but there is a sort of Ranuncle-buncle coming up. (Talking of uncles, I have worked so much to make the rocks in the foreground of the "Cedars" like hard bits of limestone, that I believe you will sprain your uncles every time you look at them) . . .

'Some one was in my gallery the other day who said he knew Dingle Bank well—but I can't remember who it was. Perhaps General Count Moltke, who was said to be here. Now I must go and get my bellicontingial breakfast.'

Reccoáro (Veneto), 20 July, 1884.

... 'It is very kind of you to think of me under your present stircumstances [of approaching marriage]. . . .

'I wrote to J. J. Hornby on seeing he was Provostically exalted; but I know nothing of Eton mutters, except that the boy whom the escaped Tiger devoured was an Eaten boy.

'I meant to have written to you—to tell you that the "Gethsemane" is sold . . . to Mr. R. W— of North Seaton, Northumberland, near that place where you and the Venerable Bede used to live together when the papists used to tell you to go to "L."'

This Hellenic and aspirating and exasperating observation refers to the reiterated doggerel that used to greet us curates in the streets of the historic constituency of Jarrow-on-Tyne:

Protestant Minister, quack, quack, quack!  
Go to the devil and never come back, back, back!

To which Echo answers from the Nonsense Songs—'And they never came back!'

However, in our next letter the Cat comes back—the Cat that Lear made—he must have made—to laugh, and the good Fossile sagacity :

Villa Tennyson, Sanremo, 29 December, 1884.

'It is 2-troo that there is a letter of yours—date Nov. 8—to be answered, but my days of promptuality as to correspondence is over and gone. I don't not think I didn't never receive no letter from you at Abetone, but am not shewer.

'No—my poor Nicola, George's [his servant Cocali's] eldest son, was always perfectly honest and good ; and now all I can do for him and as a reminder to me of his father's long services, is to pay Doctors' bills, and keep him alive with as little suffering as possible, as long as it pleases God. He is always grateful and uncomplaining, but the shock of Dimitri's conduct [he had finally bolted] and his own fate made him naturally far from cheerful.

'The new servant—a Milanese—with 14 years' first-rate character—is as excellent and able a domestic as I have ever known ; his father—now *æt.* 79, has been 70 years in the Gavazzi family at Milan, and he himself has been for 8 years a cavalry Carabiniere. Then I had to get a cook, but he turned out a thundering thief and had to go. Then I had my meals from the Hotel Royal for a fortnight, but though cheaper that was a nastier life. Finally I have got another chosskimoolious cookly candidate, which he has only one i—but cooks well, and will probably stay, especially as Foss took to him at once, whereas after examining the late thievish cook, that intelligent beast fled the kitchen wholly and never would go near the wicked Pietro Pavesi—who, by the bye, could not cook at all.

'The 3-pronged sentiment<sup>1</sup> has been for some time abandoned as to active progress, though various persons keep sending their intentions to be Tenguinea sobsquibers. How should I know that Matthew Arnold hadn't millions of money ? (Dickens made 33,000 by his visit to America.) And him I ignorantly worshipped as a possible one of 30 peopl.

'Dimitri Cocali has, I hear, arrived in Corfu actually penniless, though he must have had over 30*l.* when he left me. As for the

<sup>1</sup> The long-cherished design of reproductions of his 200 illustrations of Tennyson's 'Palace of Art' and other poems. He was a proper worshipper of Tennyson. The three prongs are those of the monogram A.



other, Lambi, he is going on decently in a nin at Brindisi, to which I have had my part in helping him. It appears that we are not in a position to judge how far birth-tendencies, and thousands of circumstances, weak intellect, &c., &c., are factors in the ruin of young men; anyhow I choose rather to be a fool than over-harsh, and as for people's opinion about me I care no more than if it was the 9999th part of a flea's nose. So I go my own way, remembering the text that there is more joy over one cockroach who is reclaimed than over 99 cockchafers who need no reclaiming.

'As for my elth, it ain't elth particularly, but rather pheebleness, and I can now hardly doddlewaddle as far as the pestilential postoffis. But I work a great deal . . .—has been and gone and bought some of this child's work lately, which if he hadn't done, I was preparing like St. Simon Stylites to live on my capital, which ain't at all big. . . .

'When you write to Italians do you name your address: [Fox How, Ambleside, Westmoreland] Volpecome? Trottofianco, Ponentepiùterra?

'By the bye do you ever walk as far as the top of Windermere—(I don't mean the top of the water, as of course you don't walk at the bottom of the lake)—to a place called Wansfell? I wonder who has it now; it used to be Rev. J. J. Hornby's—uncle of J. J. H. of Eton—Provost. He and I (the Provost) used to run races all over that part of the country and perhaps you don't know that I know every corner of Westmoreland: Scawfell Pikes is my cousin, and Skiddaw is my mother-in-law.'

Never was a master more careful of the interests of his servants than Lear, and it was a grief to him that his faithful Albanian, George Cocali, predeceased him, and almost a greater grief when two of George's sons were overtaken by misfortune. Another source of worry and anxiety was the untoward fate of his Villa Emily at Sanremo, blocked from the sea by buildings, and then let to some people as a school, till 'these beastesses mizzled,' and left him in the lurch.

January, 1884.

'So far the beginning was begùnbegùn a long time agò: but now —(Feby. 19)—I have a purple dicular and diametrical notion that I shall finish this document, for unless I do so I fancy I shall never hear if you are married or knot. But as a set off to this resolution I must needs add that age and Asthma have so greatly impaired my gnatural liveliness and energy as to make it doubtful if I can

cover even half a sheet of this penurious primæval poppsidixious paper this evening. . . . [Three pages follow.]

'I am now (e'en in our ashes live, &c.) working at a set of Palestine drawings and later shall finish Argos and Gwalior. After that, sufficient to the day is the weevil thereof, as the hazelnut said when the caterpillar made a hole in his shell.' . . .

May 24, 1885.

. . . ' (9thly) Signor Marsaglia, the Brassey of Italy, has long been making acqueduct and penitential pipes to bring what he calls "Acqua Potabile" from Badalucco above Taggia to Sanremo, and I who for 3 years have heard of this scheme have always called it "Acqua Probabile." But now it has really been brought here, and for 5*l.* a year I get a thousand bottles a day, all of which as you may suppose I drink. . . .

'12thly. Enlivenment has been greatly kneaded—seeing that since poor Nicola's death—March 4—I have lost my last surviving sister, aged 84, and have now no one of my generation except a brother in Texas, whom I have not seen for 65 years.

'16thly. Have you any frogs and snails in your garden? If not, purchase a large number immediately, and place them in a row in a glass case, which will be highly ornamental and abomalous.

'17thly. Yours affectionately, Edward Lear.

'18thly. Amen. God Save the Queen and confound Mr. C——'

25 Hocktomber (as my servant calls it), 1885.

. . . 'I have been and still am grieved about W. E. Forster. There is no finer specimen of an Englishman living, and his advocacy of the interest of the colonies greatly interested me—not but what Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven did likewise. . . .

'I advise you all to take the Villa Figini at Barzanò where you may "rear a marble slab" to my memory, tho' my Boddy, or what remains of it, will be buried in the Symmetry of Sanremo, where I have already bought a Toomb and have ordered a Toomstone. . . .

'Bring up the boy [my eldest son] to be a Chimblsweep rather than an artist.

'Epitaph really in a churchyard—Isle of Wight.

"Forlorn Eliza rears this marble slab  
To her dear John. (He died of eating Crab.)"

Edward Lear was the youngest of a family of nineteen children, of Danish parents, and he owed what education he had to the loving care of one of his sisters. His name was originally spelt Lör. He

first earned a precarious livelihood by drawing animal pictures. Some of these, in a window front in Piccadilly, caught the eye of the 13th Earl of Derby, who, after enquiry, invited the author to reside at Knowsley and draw his zoological specimens there, and in order to amuse his children the Nonsense Rhymes, an entirely new kind of literature, were composed. Now the rest of the acts of Lear, and his drawings, and his travels, and how he gave lessons to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria in 1846, are they not written in the book of 'Nonsense Songs and Stories,' by himself, in a letter prefixed (1889) 'by way of preface'?

His anticipation of death was constant and of some long standing, if not lifelong. He wrote in May 1882:

. . . 'There is *No* chance of my seeing either Cambridge or Oxford any more—nor England. Ill, and 70 years old, it is useless to shut one's eyes to the inevitable—*θάνατος ἄλυρος, ἄχορος* &c. Just at this moment I am a little better. . . '

The Greek characters in the above quotation from Sophocles are written in the style of a true scholar's pen. In thanking me for a copy of Jebb's 'Modern Greece,' in 1880, he writes with enthusiasm for 'so much real information on the subject conveyed in so condensed and clear and pleasing a form—so much learning combined with so much poetical appreciation of the landscape beauties of Greece—and—last not least—such complete and remarkable moderation and good taste in treating of a subject which seems to drive many people crazy—or if they are already crazy to make them crazier.' The painter, whom the Laureate had addressed as 'E. L. on his Travels in Greece,' was no incompetent judge of the great scholar's volume.

'As for memory, I remember lots of things before I was born, and quite distinctly being born at Highgate 12 May 1812.' . . .

27 April, 1884.

. . . 'On the 29th and 30th of March I did not at all expect to live beyond a few hours, but Dr. Hassall, thank God, skilfully got the inflammation under, and ever since I have been getting—though very slowly—better. Of course at 72 I cannot expect a return of much of my former strength, but it is a great thing to be thankful for that I have not been paralyzed nor have had my sight affected.

'I am now—as far as I am able—arranging matters so that my Executors and friends shall have as little trouble as possible, should it please God that my life end shortly. If the contrary, I intend to

endeavour to carry out my old plan of Alfred Tennyson Illustrations—200 in number—by Autotype.’

A letter of his written November 7, 1887, within three months of his decease, shows him still interested in the movements of other persons and their children, still able to laugh at his own increasing infirmities; but this paper shall conclude with something epithalamial and happy of that very March 1884, terminating in what Lear might perchance have called a Eugenious Aram tail. My address was then Dingle Bank, Liverpool.

‘I am always incapacitated more or less . . . and having worked much in the day, I am Nocktupp afterwards entirely. I do not know why you congratulate me on “good health and spirits,” as I have neither; and if I told you I had, I was muffstaken very much. . . .

‘I wish you a pleasant honeymoon. There are many large black bees here (Sir J. Lubbock writes to me that they are called *Xylocopa Violacea*), but as they don’t make honey, I don’t recommend you to take them with you, otherwise I would send a lot. Your idea of boating on the Tems seems to me highly grotesque and bizzerable. . . .

‘He lived at Dingle Bank—he did;—  
He lived at Dingle Bank;  
And in his garden was one Quail,  
Four tulips, and a Tank:  
And from his windows he could see  
The otion and the River Dee.

‘His house stood on a cliff,—it did,  
Its aspice it was cool;  
And many thousand little boys  
Resorted to his school,  
Where if of progress they could boast  
He gave them heaps of butter’d toast.

‘But he grew rabid-wroth, he did,  
If they neglected books,  
And dragged them to adjacent cliffs  
With beastly Button Hooks,  
And there with fatuous glee he threw  
Them down into the otion blue.

‘And in the sea they swam, they did,—  
All playfully about,  
And some eventually became  
Sponges, or speckled trout:—  
But Liverpool doth all bewail  
Their fate;—likewise his Garden Quail.

‘FINNIS.’

E. C. SELWYN.

## THE COLLINGWOOD CENTENARY.

(1810-1910.)

WHEN, four and a half years ago, the British nation waxed enthusiastic over the centenary of 'the greatest sailor since the world began,' and kindled at the recollection of Trafalgar, perhaps somewhat less than a fitting tribute was paid to 'that noble fellow Collingwood,' under whom, after Lord Nelson fell, the victory was completed, and to whom a share in the honours thereof was most surely due.

He himself was the last man in the world to thrust himself forward for public recognition. He did not come home, as a survivor of Trafalgar, to flaunt his achievements, and seek advancement for himself and his family. There was nothing of the courtier about this noble fellow Collingwood. During the years that elapsed between the death of Nelson and his own he remained at his post as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; heart-sick, at times, for home, heart-hungry for the sight of those he loved, but quietly, simply, and steadfastly setting his duty to his country first, and giving his life in her service as truly, in the strenuous labours of his long command, as did Lord Nelson himself upon the *Victory's* deck.

Yet the memory of the one hero, a hundred years after Trafalgar, shines forth with undimmed lustre; while the memory of the other seems somehow to have faded from out the minds of men. Save only in his native North-Countree. There, loyal hearts marked jealously how scant a share was accorded him, by the nation at large, in the glories of the Trafalgar Centenary; there, loyal lips took pride in telling over again the incidents of his career; and loyal hands brought their garlands to the base of his statue, where it stands upon its green mound, guarding the entrance to the Tyne, and begirt with the guns taken from his ship, the *Royal Sovereign*. And many an eye kindled with enthusiasm as the great-nephew of the Admiral called to remembrance how, on that day, a hundred years before, those very guns were 'flaming away into the open ports of the great *Santa Anna*, the second largest ship afloat, and, no doubt, bore a share in the terrible opening broad-

sides which killed and wounded four hundred men, and dismantled fourteen guns, on board the Spanish admiral's ship. . . . Now,' he added, 'they were silent, silent as the men who manned them; they had done their work.' True; but it is not meet that the work should ever be forgotten by our land; and it is to be hoped that the approaching centenary of the death of one of her noblest sons may find her rendering honour to whom honour is due.

The name of Collingwood, which the Admiral crowned with naval glory, had long been one of note in the North. There is an old rhyme on the subject which somewhat enigmatically sets forth how

The Collingwoods have borne the name  
Since in the bush the buck was ta'en;  
But when the bush shall hold the buck,  
Then welcome faith, and farewell luck.

The allusion is to the old crest of the family, a stag under a tree, which illustrates the name; for the stag, in the quaint phraseology of ancient time (still surviving in 'Jack' Daw, 'Tom' Tit, &c.), was 'Colin,' while the tree represents wood.

The Admiral's father, 'with a very moderate fortune,' and a wife out of Westmorland, settled at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the tall brick house at the head of the Side, where, on September 26, 1750, his eldest son Cuthbert was born. The latter was sent in due course to the Newcastle Grammar School, the famous headmaster of which, Hugh Moises, had under his rule, during Cuthbert's school-days, three lads marked out for future renown and well-earned peerages: young Collingwood himself; John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon; and William Scott, who in later life was Lord Stowell, the distinguished judge of the High Court of Admiralty. Their portraits may be seen side by side in the Guildhall to-day; and it is pleasant to record that all three scholars retained affectionate recollections of their master, after they had risen to fame, and paid honour to him in life and in death. Hugh Moises lived to hear of the glories of Trafalgar, and of the 'consummate valour, judgment and skill' whereby Admiral Collingwood earned his Sovereign's 'entire approbation and admiration.' It is to be hoped that there also came to his knowledge the comment, said to have been made by King George, after perusing the Admiral's despatch with details of Trafalgar: 'Where did this sea-captain get his admirable English? Oh! I remember! He was one of Moises' boys.'

In the year following Trafalgar the good man died, and Lord

Collingwood wrote home from his ship, sending '20*l*. for the monument of his worthy master.'

He himself had spent no very lengthy period under Moises' instruction. At the age of eleven the 'pretty, gentle boy' bade farewell to his studies at the Grammar School, passing thence to 'the greater school of the sea.' At sea he remained, almost entirely, during the next twenty-five years, serving in many different parts of the world, and rising, step by step, to the rank of captain. In 1786 he came home, for the purpose of 'making his acquaintance with his own family'—to quote his own remark on the subject. He further made acquaintance with the charming and admirable woman who became his wife. She was a daughter of Alderman John Erasmus Blackett, an offshoot of the famous Blackett stock, whose name had been for a century or more the synonym for successful enterprise and honourable prosperity. The Alderman was a widower, whose wife had been a Roddam of Heathpool, the Northumbrian estate which subsequently furnished a title to Admiral Collingwood. The gallant sailor and his lady-love were married in June 1791, the bridegroom being thus in his forty-first year; and the couple made their home at Morpeth, in the house which, at this day, fulfils the assurance quoted by Lord Collingwood in writing to his wife's relations: 'They tell me it is good and strong built, and will be a good house after our time.' It is now known (although it was not then) as Collingwood House, and is the property of the Benedictine Order, who have a mission in Morpeth. Its outlook and surroundings have changed their character since our hero brought his bride across its threshold in that summer of 1791; but the plain, solidly built brick house itself is not substantially altered, and all who revere Lord Collingwood's memory must feel an interest in the roof beneath which his brief home-life, after the wedding day, was spent.

Here he and his wife passed the next two years together in simplest, calmest happiness. Here his two little daughters were born: Sarah, in May 1792, and Mary Patience in the following year. Here he enjoyed for a brief space the charm of a country gentleman's leisured life, and walked about the Castle banks, and sowed his acorns there, as his cherished practice was. 'If,' said he, 'the country gentlemen do not make it a point to grow oaks, wherever they will grow, the time will not be very distant when, to keep our navy, we must depend entirely upon captures from the enemy. I wish everybody thought on this subject as I do; they



would not walk through their farms without a pocketful of acorns to drop in the hedge-sides, and then let them take their chance.' (A hundred years ago, how little anybody foresaw the era of *Dreadnoughts* !)

Writing to Lady Collingwood, in the year after Trafalgar, he observed : ' It is very agreeable to me to hear that you are taking care of my oaks, and transplanting them to Hethpoole. If ever I get back I will plant a good deal there in patches.' And in a letter to ' his darlings, little Sarah and Mary,' desiring them to write him very often, and tell him ' all the news of the city of Newcastle and town of Morpeth,' he mentions his oaks once more. ' Be kind to old Scott,' he adds ; ' when you see him weeding my oaks give the old man a shilling.' ' Old Scott's ' name occurs in more than one of his letters : as, for instance, in that which he wrote during the weary cruise off Toulon, three years after leaving home, when he describes how the want of vegetables, a privation felt more than any other, caused him to long for some of the bad potatoes which that ancient and faithful retainer used to throw over the wall of the garden at Morpeth.

Some of those oaks of the Admiral's sowing, now gnarled old trees, are flourishing still upon the Heathpool estate. But it was not his to behold the growth upspringing from the acorns he had set. In 1793 came the recall to his naval duties, the outbreak of the war with France ; and from then until the last home-coming, in death, he was only able to spend one year in England.

He was appointed captain of Admiral Bowyer's flagship *Prince*. In the famous victory of Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, in February 1797, when the Mediterranean fleet of fifteen sail defeated the combined forces of France and Spain, Collingwood, as well as his ' excellent friend ' and colleague, Nelson, played an important part. All the leading men, who combined with him in the glorious action, were enthusiastic in their praise of his performance, declaring that ' nothing could exceed the spirit and true officership so happily displayed.'

These qualities were destined, within ten years after, to be the talk of all England. Their supreme test was the battle of Trafalgar, of which the Admiral wrote home afterwards : ' There never was such a combat since England had a fleet.' To Collingwood, at Trafalgar, belongs the honour of being the first to attack and break the enemy's line, by a masterly move which called forth his great commander's famous comment. To Collingwood belongs the

honour of having brought the fight to its triumphant close, a fact that was recognised by Lord Nelson as he sent him his loving farewell. A letter written, within a week of Trafalgar, to 'My dear Coll,' remains as proof of the affectionate regard of that hero for his gallant second-in-command.

The reward of Lord Collingwood's services at Trafalgar was his elevation to the peerage, by the title of Baron Collingwood of Caldburne and Hethpoole in the County of Northumberland. Concerning the latter event, he writes thus in delightful fashion to his wife: 'Blessed may you be, my dearest love; and may you long live the happy wife of your happy husband! I do not know how you bear your honours, but I have so much business on my hands from dawn till midnight that I have hardly time to think of mine. . . . A week before the war, at Morpeth, I dreamed distinctly many of the circumstances of our late battle off the enemy's port, and I believe I told you of it at the time; but I never dreamed that I was to be a Peer of the Realm.' He was destined never to see the wife he so loved after she became 'My Lady'; not even in a brief glimpse such as that in January 1801, when she and his elder daughter paid him a surprise visit at Plymouth Harbour, where he went ashore to them, with joyful speed, on receiving news of their presence, and spent the evening with them in happiness so perfect that we sigh in sympathy to think it was so brief.

After Trafalgar he continued the blockade of Cadiz, the straits of Gibraltar, and the neighbouring coast, hunting the enemy from port to port with indomitable pluck and perseverance. In the year following the battle, the death of a cousin (Edward Collingwood) put him in possession of an estate at Chirton, near North Shields, in his native county, concerning which he wrote several characteristic letters to his wife and father-in-law. To the latter he says:

'I am much obliged for the information you give me about Chirton, and I wish that the very letter of the will of my deceased friend should be observed. Whatever establishments may be found there for the comfort of the poor, or the education and improvement of their children, I would have continued and increased. I want to make no great accession of wealth from it, nor will I have anybody put to the smallest inconvenience for me.'

This assurance is made anew in subsequent communications; while the fact that his solicitude extended even to a four-footed

retainer of his 'deceased friend' is thus charmingly revealed in a letter to his wife :—

'I need not tell you, my dear, to be very kind to Mr. Collingwood's dog, for I am sure you will, and so will I whenever I come home.'

Towards Christmas in that same year he wrote her thus :—

'I suppose, when the spring opens, you will be moving to Chirton ; and I hope you will not have a steam-engine in front, to lull you with its noise, instead of those delightful blackbirds whose morning and evening song made my heart gay.'

The house at Chirton was, however, very pleasantly placed amongst fields and gardens, with a clear outlook towards a River Tyne less grimy then than now. A square-built, substantial residence it was, which bore, in the frieze above the doorway, the date of 1693, and the name of Winifrid Milbourne, whose granddaughter, Mary Roddam, had married Edward Collingwood, afterwards known as 'the Squire of Chirton,' and made him father of the other Edward Collingwood by whom the estate was devised to the Admiral and his heirs.

The old house is now, alas ! no more, having been pulled down, within the last decade or so, to make way for Co-operative Stores. A plea was put forth, by Chirton residents, that at least the stone pillars of the gateway might be spared ; but the concession was denied, and of the Admiral's property nothing but a memory remains. He himself never resided at Chirton House, as, after it came into his possession, he was never in England again ; but Lady Collingwood and her daughters made it, for some time, their home, while the brave Admiral, remaining at his post in the Mediterranean, slowly wore out in the cause of Duty.

His devotion to that stern goddess was every whit as intense as Nelson's own. 'His life,' he truly said, 'was his country's, in whatever way it might be required of him.' 'Personal exposure, colds, rheumatism, ague—all seemed nothing to him when his duty called,' writes one by whom he was known in life and mourned in death ; and who goes on to describe having 'seen him upon deck without his hat, and his grey hair floating in the wind, whilst torrents of rain poured down through the shrouds ; and his eye, like the eagle's, on the watch. . . . It was his general rule,' he adds, 'in tempestuous weather, and upon any hostile emergency that occurred, to sleep upon his sofa in a flannel gown, taking off only his epaulettes coat.'

His wisdom and tact were not less remarkable than his courage. When, in the course of his Mediterranean command, he found himself enmeshed in political complications, he showed real diplomatic genius in managing a difficult situation. But the unrelieved strain was telling heavily upon his physical strength. Four years after Trafalgar we find him describing himself, somewhat sadly, as 'an infirm old man.' A few months later he refers to the steady failure of his health during the past year, and to the 'severe complaint' which prevented him from eating; a complaint increased by confinement upon shipboard and perpetual stooping over his writing desk. 'It is my constant occupation alone that keeps me alive,' he observes; adding the hope that he may be allowed before long to return to England, as 'it will, otherwise, be soon too late.'

Too late it was, even then. The letter, quoted above, was written in February 1810. On the third day of the following month he was compelled to cry out that the work which had 'kept him alive' thus far was now beyond him, and to ask for the relief that he had so long waited for in vain. He surrendered his command to Rear-Admiral Martin, bade farewell to the squadron, and in his ship, the *Ville de Paris*, set sail for home. But he was never to reach it. On March 6, as the vessel sailed out of Port Mahon, and he was told that he was again at sea, he seemed momentarily to revive out of his condition of extreme prostration, and observed to those around him, 'Then I may yet live to meet the French once more.' It was but the last flash of the dauntless spirit ere it was quenched by Death. Next day the captain, who was with him in his cabin, remarked that he was afraid the motion of the vessel was disturbing to him. The dying Admiral, with a faint smile, shook his head, and made tranquil answer: 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more.' The same day, at evening, he calmly breathed his last.

The worn-out frame was laid to rest, with pomp and ceremony, beside the tomb of Lord Nelson in St. Paul's. Forty years after Trafalgar there was erected to his memory, at the mouth of the Tyne, that noble monument which is a familiar sight to vessels—outward bound or home returning—as they cross the Bar. It is from the design of the North-country sculptor Lough, the statue itself being 23 feet in height, and the pedestal 50 feet. It is admirably placed on the grassy eminence ('Galley Hill') which stands, overlooking an ancient moat, between the river-edge and a deep hollow, where once lay the fishpond of Tynemouth Priory. There,

on the centenary of England's greatest naval victory, gathered those who were mindful of the part that Admiral Collingwood played that day; and on a flagstaff erected for the purpose in front of the monument, the naval ensign was displayed, and Nelson's memorable signal in flags run up.

This was on a clear and bright afternoon in October. Lord Collingwood's personal centenary will fall due amid the gusty gales of March. Yet surely there will be found among us those who will brave the weather and make their way to offer a tribute of remembrance at the noble Admiral's feet, where he stands yonder, as he stood upon his deck of old, looking with an eagle front towards the sea. And surely there will be many more who will give at least a passing thought to that brave soul which, as it left our earth a hundred years ago, might fitly have echoed with dying breath the words of the great commander gone before—

'Thank God! I have done my duty!'

Q. SCOTT-HOPPER.

‘FRESH’ AND ‘OVERDAY’

FOR seven or eight months in the year the east side of the haven is fringed with a forest of fir poles—the masts of herring-boats. There is always a clearing in this forest, however, even at the busy season, when the crowd of drifters extends for two miles and a half up to the haven bridge. This clearing is the wharf of the Trinity Brethren at their North Sea station. From time to time clumsy light-vessels with the names painted upon them in eight-foot white letters are moored there; and at regular intervals the trim black steamer with buff funnel which acts as relief-boat takes up its berth.

The ‘relief’ had been two or three days in harbour. On the Trinity quay was a permanent medley of huge riveted buoys, long gas-cylinders, enormous ‘mushrooms,’ and lengths of chain cable. There is a lofty white look-out from which vigilant eyes incessantly peer across the narrow tongue of populous land to the roadstead beyond. Under the look-out, the stores and yard with the double doorway (through which the tram lines run) were silent, for it was the midday pause in the work. Three or four newly relieved men loitered at the open gates, gossiping with that air of detachment and deliberate leisure which would seem to be the monopoly of seafaring men and farm labourers. Being out of the store and off duty, they were smoking to a man. Cavanagh, the stores-keeper, in a smart cheese-cutter cap and brass-buttoned reefer, was with them.

‘I reckon that what you have to do first of all is to know what you want, and the next thing is to get it—if you can,’ he was saying with some emphasis.

‘I doan’t, then,’ responded Joe Maylett. The guernseyed seamen looked to him as to an oracle, a part which the senior lightsman of the ‘Inner Watcher’ was disposed to play. ‘I doan’t, then.’ He pursed his baggy mouth argumentatively, and his dull blue eyes showed some animation. Maylett’s teeth were browned with tobacco juice, and he used habitually a blackened briar. He tapped the pipe gently on his plump palm, which he then wiped thoughtfully on one of his short, thick thighs. He was a lightsman

of thirty years' standing, a famous maker of silk rigging in his time afloat; and his flabby moon face was as devoid of weather-tan as a landsman's. To any but his present audience his deliberation would have been exasperating. Having filled the briar he lit it, and again repeated slowly, 'I doan't, then.' He took a few placid puffs and explained his views. 'I reckon what you hev to do in this wurld'—he indicated the silent river and the littered wharf as constituting the world of which he spoke—'I reckon you hev to fust of all find out what you want—an' then larn to do without hevin' it.'

'Why, Joe?' asked a seaman of this philosopher, for Maylett's enigmatic deliveries were frequently preludes to a yarn.

'Come across the road,' said Cavanagh, who seemed indifferent to the lightsman's opposition to his views. He emphasised the invitation with a jerk of his head towards the back of the wharf. 'Come across to the "Light," Joe, and tell us what you mean.'

Without further speech the group sauntered over the muddy quay, skirted the store, crossed the unguarded ballast rails, and made for the door of the 'Floating Light.'

It was a gray day outside and darker within. Maylett sat down at an iron-topped table covered with an irregular pattern of interlaced brown rings. The stores-keeper had suggested beer for the party, and the reply in each case had been, 'I doan't mind if I do,' which is customary in the non-committal East. The senior lightsman passed the back of his plump hand across his scanty beard with a sigh of contentment.

'Look here,' he said, 'you want to know why I say you hev to fust find out what you want an' then larn to be content without it. Well, I'll tell ye.' He paused, looked full at the stores-keeper with his slow blue eyes, and asked: 'Did y' ever know Bob Colby?—him what kep' the fish shop on South Gates Road, Mr. Cavanagh.'

'Know Bob Colby? Why, yes, of course. He had a daughter who used to serve in the shop, didn't he?' replied the stores-keeper.

'Right you are,' returned Maylett sententiously. 'That'll do to make my meanin' plain. If you remember her, I dessay you'll recollect she was a fine-built gal, a trifle inclined to be fleshy, with black hair, red cheeks, an' black eyes.'

Cavanagh nodded. The lightsman looked round slowly at his hearers, and then smote his fat hand on the table. 'Lina Colby



was no fule ; but she didn't know what she wanted. But Dan'l Fry an' George Horlock, they did know what they wanted—they both of 'em wanted *she*. Well, as I said, Lina worn't a fule. They was both smart young fellers—two of the youngest skippers o' drifters on the wharf—an' she didn't fare to know which to hev. Fust it was one, and then t'other ; one day Dan'l an' next day George. She kep' 'em hangin' on an' off like a couple of fishin'-luggers waitin' for a tow into the haven.

'One night Dan'l Fry happened to go into the fish shop when George Horlock was there talkin' to the gal. He looked a bit s'prised to see her makin' so free with t'other. Ye see, he'd ondle heered a word or two 'bout George's goin' there. But he said, "Evenin', Lina."

'She said, "Evenin', Dan'l."

'He said, "Are ye goin' out for a walk, Lina?"

"I doan't know that I am," ses she. You see, for once she forgot that she'd promised to go out with Dan'l.

"I thought you was goin' along o' me on the Front as far 's the monnyment," he said, a bit put out. The gal laughed. George hadn't spoke yit ; but he looked up at Dan'l's wurds, an' he looked very savage at Dan'l.

'Then George said to her, "Did ye tell him that, Lina?" She laughed ag'in an' shook her earrings, but she didn't say nothin'.

"My b'lief is," Dan'l Fry said, "that you hev been a-makin' game of us two. What's this man a-doin' of here, Lina?" he shouts out, smackin' his hand on the counter.

"He hev come to see me, Dan'l," ses she, laughin' fit to split.

"Oh, he hev, hev he!" Dan'l said. Then he turned to George. "What d'you say' bout it?"

"I say," George answers him, short and sharp, "I say I come to see the gal, an' what the hell's that got to do with you?"

"A bloomin' lot," shouts t'other. "I hev come to take the gal out for a walk. If she 'oan't come, all right ; ondle you ain't a-goin' to stop here."

"Why not?" ses George Horlock, gettin' red in the face.

"Cos you an' me are a-goin' for a walk instead ; jist to settle things once an' for all."

"I'm ready, Dan'l Fry," George ses ; and they turned round 's if to go out of the shop without sayin' a wurd to Lina.

'She'd been laughin' an' her eyes dancin' up to then ; but

when she saw 'em both goin' out, she ses, "George, if you're fond of me, doan't fight him."

'George stopped, but Dan'l caught hold of his coat, and she ses, "An', Dan'l, you allus say you'd do anything for me."

'You see, she thought there was goin' to be a fight, an' she reckoned 'twouldn't do her no manner of good if one did bash t'other, an' she was frightened for 'em both. So she up an' spoke the truth. "Well," she said, "I like ye both. I doan't fare to know which of ye I like best, an' tha's the truth. But I can't marry ye both, can I? Ye hev both asked me, an' I hev'n't promised neither of ye. Now the truth's out, an' ye both know it." I reckon if they'd had any sense they'd hev both come away an' left her, for she worn't worth quarrellin' 'bout. Still, they both of 'em wanted her, an' they worn't quarrelsome chaps, so they went back ag'in.

"You hev got to make up your mind one way or t'other," said George Horlock, quite determined like. "Hevn't she, Dan'l?"

"Ay, ay!" said Dan'l.

'Lina put her head back an' laughed. "But I *can't*!" she said.

"You'll hev to," said Dan'l, gettin' wild. "Ye can't marry the two of us."

'She was goin' to say somethin' saucy 'bout not wantin' either of 'em, but she bit it back, for Lina had a good eye for the main chance. You see, they wor both in constant employ, and both of 'em smart young chaps. So she shook her earrings and flashed her peepers at 'em, an' then she said, "Well, I reckon I'll marry the man what can keep me best."

'There worn't much in that, you might say, 'cos they was both as well off as each other; but she explained what she meant. You see, it was jist afore the driftin'. "I'll tell ye what," Lina said, "you're both sailin' for the same owner"—Jimmy Sayers 'twas—"you're both startin' the v'y'ges together, an' there ain't a pin to choose between you. I'll marry the one of ye at Christmas—'cos it's free then"—Lina was a rare one for the main chance—"I'll marry the one of ye what gits the biggest price for the fust catch this season." You see, she knowed what she was talkin' 'bout, 'cos they both of 'em got a share in the profits.

'Well, Dan'l and George shook hands over it, an' agreed to try for Lina that way. They both knew what they wanted, an' they was tryin' to git it.'

Joe Maylett told the story with much deliberation, and made sundry dramatic pauses in its recital. At each pause he ceased to gesticulate to take a swig at his beer. At this last halt the storekeeper noted that the pewter was perpendicular at his lips. Cavanagh nodded to the barman, and Maylett's 'Thanks—my best respects' prefaced the next portion of the narrative.

'Soon arter that, George Horlock and Dan'l Fry made their fust v'y'ge that season. You see, they'd a ticklish job. It worn't the one what got most herrin's that was bound to win, 'twas the one what made the biggest price. That meant they'd got to keep a eye on poss'ble prices at the wharf. If they got home in the middle of a glut, one of 'em bein' home half a hour in front of t'other might make all the difference. You know how prices go down at the wharf on a full market, doan't ye?'

Maylett's audience nodded as one man.

'An' if they left it till there worn't very few fish 'bout, 'twould be jist luck which would get most. At the same time, they might lose their job if they didn't bring 'em home when the herrin's was about. So it worn't so easy as it looked. The weather happened to be funny; the fish was in patches an' the wind was choppin' an' changin' about. When they got 'bout a hundered an' ninety mile out—you see, the herrin's were to the nor'ard, bein' 'arly in the season—everybody was makin' fair catches. "This here 'oan't do," thought Dan'l; "I shan't git any prices like this." An' George Horlock reckoned the same.

'They was both out all one night without fishin', an' they was watchin' each other like cats. The other boats what started when they did had got their nets arter shootin' 'em, an' was makin' for market; so they'd got the sea to theirselves. Accordin' to George Horlock's reckonin' the other boats would be too late for Sat'rday's sale, an' hev to sell overdays on Monday. You see, George had got ole Sam Botwright's brother Ted aboard with him, an' Dan'l Fry knowed it. You know ole Sam Botwright what hev the 'Arbert an' Polly, the luckiest an' the cliverest skipper on the wharf. Well, if his brother Ted had been as stiddy as Sam, he'd hev been a skipper too. There worn't much 'bout herrin's Ted didn't know; and though he was ondle deck-hand on George's boat an' gen'rally started out freshy, George knowed he could tell him what to do. All this here Dan'l Fry knowed, so he kep' a look-out for fish, and he studied the weather, and he kep' one eye on George Horlock's boat—the *Gel Em'ly*, George had;

Dan'l's boat was the *Boy Dick*. So Dan'l watched t'other's fishin' policy.

'The second night out, Sat'rday night, George Horlock made a shot. He knowed Dan'l was watchin' him, so he risked it an' made his shot without the driftin' lights h'isted. But Dan'l Fry tumbled to it, an' made his shot too. You see, Ted Botwright had told George, "There's a mort of fish off there to the nor'-nor'-east. We hev seen the gulls an' the porp'ses hangin' round the shoal all day. Well, there's heavy weather a-comin' on, an' if you want to git 'em home in prime condition for Monday mornin' market, you'll hev to make your shot t'-night. It 'll take you all day Sunday an' all Sunday night to beat home, 'cos we're goin' to git it hard from the south'ard, an' we shall be reefed down. You'll git middlin' prices," he said, "'cos there 'oan't be no more fishin' weather for a week or more." He knowed somethin', did Ted. It was him what gave George the tip 'bout not showin' no driftin'-lights; but Dan'l Fry was watchin' the *Gel Em'ly* so close that he tumbled to it.

'Well, they both caught 'bout the same, an' when the dawn come up both crews was swillin' down decks, an' by the look of the boats—they was twin boats—they'd both got 'bout ten lasts each; though you couldn't tell for sartin then. They h'isted sail as soon's they could, but the weather was lumpin' up and the lint had been hard to git. They had the sea to theirselves, for 'tworn't likely that boats'd come out with the south cone up for a gale, an' it spelt thunderin' good prices for either of 'em, though the fust boat was boun' to do best. So it turned out that they was to hev a race back for the fust market. As I say, the boats was twins, an' there worn't much to choose between 'em for seamanship.

'All day Sunday they raced; they was beatin' for home ag'inst a south-east'rly gale that Ted Botwright reckoned would back to the east'ard afore nex' day. At times, on the long-leg, they was so close you could hev hulled a biscuit aboard from one to t'other. Then Dan'l Fry and George Horlock would stand at their wheels—they was too anxious to allow anybody else to sail the boats—an' chaff an' jeer each other; an' Dan'l had, when he liked, the worstest tongue I ever did hear—bar one.'

Maylett winked over the rim of his pewter so significantly during the pause he made at this point that one of the seamen could not help asking what he meant. But the lightsman only replied, 'You'll know later,' and continued.

'George and Dan'l watched each other like a cat watchin' a mouse, with the weather blowin' up harder 'n ever all the time. The hands thought the sticks would be out of 'em—they pressed 'em so—but Dan'l Fry he held on until he saw the *Gel Em'ly* reef. Then he reefed the *Boy Dick*. Last of all it came night, but it was clear like it often is afore rain; an' they could jist make out each other's sailin' lights. They was neck-and-neck all night, close-reefed, both of 'em afeared of gettin' caught in irons—'cos the reefed sails didn't fill well—and they was desp'rate afeared of missin' stays an' goin' tail-fust on to a sand.

'Bout two o'clock in the mornin', 'twas when they was both stretchin' for the Cockle Gat, the wind was gittin' more east'ard an' blowin' up right dark an' nasty. Dan'l and George was both hangin' on, an' thinkin' of them herrin's down in the holds, an' calc'lating their chances, when *bang* went a rocket out to seaward, and next they see a red flare blaze out in the dark. They knowed at once it was somethin' on the tail of the Crossand. The wind had veered right back to the east'ard with thick, heavy weather; there worn't much chance of the distress signals bein' seen ashore, an' both knowed they ought to go. Nex' thing they see was a rocket go up from the Crossand Light, and a gun went.

'George Horlock watched the *Boy Dick's* light, an' he knowed Dan'l Fry was watchin' his. But they both held on their courses. It might be a false alarm, though it didn't look like it. It might be real danger. Dan'l Fry made up his mind to chance it, an' let things alone. He had scarcely decided to keep on his course, when he saw the red light of the *Gel Em'ly* go out, an' presently he saw the green. George had gone about, an' was reachin' out to the east'ard towards the Crossand. He hadn't wanted to do it, but Ted Botwright—an' a better-hearted chap never stepped—persuaded him into it, an' he beat up for the wessel he could see by her flares was on the Crossand. I reckon George hev thanked Gawd many a time since that he did go. If he hev'n't he ought to hev.

'George lost the *Boy Dick's* light arter that, so he knowed that Dan'l Fry had gone on home. He reckoned he'd lost his chance, an' he didn't take it kindly.

'It was a coastin' schooner on the Sand. I dessay some of ye knowed her—the *Edith Simpson* 'twas. She had struck the tail of the Crossand from the outside, an', it bein' nigh high water, she'd bumped right over it afore the tide lef' her on the west'ard of the shoal. She was in a pretty pickle—top-hamper gone, rollin' with

every sea, and the breakers smashin' over her with every roll. They was burnin' the flares in the lower riggin', and when the *Gel Em'ly* got into the sukkle of light, George an' his hands could see they was tryin' to clear the boat, which, by a meracle, worn't damaged. You see, the *Gel Em'ly* could come right up, because the wreck was on the edge of the sand and to wind'ard of her.

'When George got into the red light of the flares he luffed, and yelled out for 'em to veer off the boat on a line an' he'd pick 'em up. The skipper happened to be a smart chap, an' he tumbled to what he meant. Then George Horlock wore the *Gel Em'ly*, an' when he'd give 'em time enough on the schooner, he shook out a reef in his mainsail and beat up for 'em with a flare burnin' aft. Ye see, he daren't put it for'ard or he couldn't hev seed to steer. Bob Simmons, the skipper of the schooner, was a smartish chap. He'd had some ile poured out to loo'ard of the *Edith Simpson*; an' they'd got some more in the boat with 'em, which one of the hands kep' on spillin' overboard. The mate rowed the boat, an' the skipper he veered off on a line made fast to the main shrouds. The boat came down on the *Gel Em'ly* gentle enough in the lee of the sand. George threw the drifter up into the wind jest in time, an' they got the boat under her lee afore she went about. In course she pressed down over the boat an' sunk it, but they got all the boatload safe—the skipper, mate, an' three of the crew, an' the skipper's daughter, pore gal.

'George was about the onluckiest chap I ever come across, for 'tworn't more 'n about fower in the mornin', an' there was still time for the 'arly market, if he could git home. But I told you he'd shook a reef out of his mainsel. It was a risky thing to do in that gale; but he had to, to make her handle better when he beat up for the boatload. 'Cos if he hadn't made it the fust time, it would hev been swamped whilst he was reachin' up for her ag'in.

'Well, they'd hardly got the people aboard when George's luck took him. He was headin' for the Cockle Gat with the wind abeam, an' edgin' away as far as he dared. Then he luffed her to empty the sail a bit while they reefed it down. I s'pose there came a flaw in the wind or somethin'; but jest as he luffed her she was caught aback, the mainsel flapped full, an' if the canvas hadn't give way she must hev been turtled. As 'twas the mainsel was stripped right off the yards an' went flyin' away on the wind.

'It would be 'bout fower when this happened an' gettin' daylight—a wild gray mornin' with the wind blowin' the caps off the

waves in spoon-drift. You hev seen it, mateys. The *Gel Em'ly* was gatherin' starn-way, an' it looked as if she was a-goin' to blow the fower miles on to the shore. But George Horlock and Ted Botwright rose to the 'mergency—Ted was more good than the fust hand when he was sober. They kep' her head to wind with the reefed mizzen, though she was backin' furious for the beach, and they got a hawser ready for runnin'. They let go the anchor, and when she plucked up sharp on it they reckoned it would snap the hawser or else pull the inside out of her. But fort'nitly the anchor dragged a bit, bringin' her up all the time; and when she'd lost starn-way it held.

'Tha's about all. Somewhere 'bout twal' o'clock a tug came out to the *Gel Em'ly* to take her in to the haven; but it was night-fall afore she brought up at the wharf. She took a lot of towin' with that gale a-blowin', 'cos as the weather cleared with the sun, the wind went for'ard and was right in their teeth; an' then there was the catch aboard too.

'Dan'l Fry had got home for Monday mornin' market all right, an' sold his catch as "fresh." George couldn't sell his till nex' day, and though they fetched fust-rate prices for "overday" stuff, of course he didn't git Dan'l's prices.

'So Fry he married the gal that Chris'mas——' Maylett stood up and lifted his hand. 'There go the Stores' bell. We'll hev to be gittin' back.' At the door of the 'Floating Light' the senior lightsman concluded, 'So you see, Mr. Cavanagh, though George did fust of all find out what he wanted, he larned to do without it; an' I reckon 'twas a good thing for him.' He broke off with an exclamation. 'Well, I'll be damned!' he whispered excitedly. 'D'ye see who's a-comin' here?'

The party looked in the direction indicated. An untidy woman of vast dimensions and rubicund face was coming towards them, screaming at some wharf-hands in the distance; and her expressions were of the most lurid riverside character they were ever likely to hear. After she had passed them, Maylett pointed at the bulky woman with his briar. 'That's Lina Fry,' he said. 'Tha's what George Horlock missed gittin'—Lina Colby that was. She's twal' stun if she's a pund, an' she's got the worstest tongue on the whole wharf.'

WILLIAM J. BATCHELDER.



*ST. PATRICK'S DAY WITH THE PATHANS.*

BY 'THE SUBALTERN.'

I.

Now, as romance never dies and is found in the most unlikely places, so sometimes the most interesting experiences are the outcome of very commonplace beginnings. The commonplace beginning for my sojourn in a Pathan village was a thing called the Higher Standard Pushtu Examination, which takes place twice a year, for which the Government reward is Rs. 800 (£53 6s. 8d.), and which, in view of the fact that the N.W. Frontier is the storm centre of India, it is useful to have put to one's credit. As everyone knows, the best and easiest method of learning a language is to live among the people who speak it; so, taking counsel with my Monshie (native instructor) and others who were kind enough to give me the benefit of their experience, I decided upon a place called Sawabi, which is in the N.W. Frontier Province, about twenty miles south of Mardan, where the Guides live. Thus it happened that Sawabi was our objective when we left Lawrencepur—a station on the North-Western Railway between Rawalpindi and Peshawar—on the early morning of March 11, 1909.

'We' consisted of myself, my Monshie, my orderly (every officer in a native regiment has an orderly from his Company, whom he can take or leave), my bearer, and 'Rags.' Rags, as you may guess, is my dog. Now, Stevenson says somewhere that every walking tour should be undertaken alone, and I agree with him except as so far as a dog is concerned. The dog is the perfect companion for a tour of any sort. How he rushes ahead at the beginning of the day, scaring the crows from one's path, in the very joy of being alive; how he makes little excursions from the road, and comes back—with not less than a yard of tongue hanging out—to tell one all about it; how he comes up to be made much of at the mid-day halt, and shares one's lunch; and how at night, the last thing before going to sleep, can one stretch out a hand and feel a soft nose nuzzle into it!

The railway, having carried us as far as Lawrencepur, left us to cover the thirty odd miles across country to Sawabi as best we might. For the first nine miles it was plain sailing, tum-tums along the Grand Trunk Road, and I remember even now how delightful the start was. To feel one's pony dance a little *pas seul* beneath one for very freshness of spirit; to feel the cool morning breeze blow briskly past one's ears; to see the unexplored country stretch away for miles and miles to the horizon (is not every little journey one takes over new country a personal exploration?); to know that one had cast behind one for a time the shackles of civilisation (very pleasant shackles, no doubt, but still shackles); to realise—all in a moment—that the coming days were not public property to be shared with other people, but for one's own personal exclusive use. Ah! that was to live, if only for a moment. One need not be a great traveller to experience such moments; they are given to all who have the spirit of vagabondage born in them. Perhaps one has them when tearing along by an express train at night, watching the dark shapes of the hills against the sky and the far-off twinkling lights; perhaps one has them on the deck of a steamer at dawn, with the sea a grey tumbling mass alongside, and a solitary rolling vessel in the offing; perhaps one has them from a single line of poetry, or a single phrase in a book of travel; perhaps one has them as I had them on the morning of a little expedition which one makes into a fresh country. But, however they come, they are perhaps the best—certainly among the best—moments one has in life.

At the end of the first nine miles lay a village named Huzro, breakfast, and a change of transport from tum-tums to camels. While the orderly and the bearer, under the direct patronage of the Monshie, secured two camels and proceeded to load them, I had breakfast—where one always enjoys a meal most—in the open air and by the roadside.

So we set out from Huzro and in due course we reached the Indus, which we crossed by ferry. Now it was characteristic of the ferry—being in India—that, although daily many cattle and camels have to be carried over, no arrangement such as a gangway exists on it. Every animal has to be pushed, pulled, coaxed, or bullied over the side, which stands about three feet high. Moreover, all loads have to be removed, wherefore much time is lost and much energy unnecessarily expended. The traveller in the East, however—unless he sticks to the mail trains and the beaten

track—has only to expect these chances of the road, and if he has a philosophical temperament, a sense of humour, and a plentiful supply of tobacco, he will, perhaps, find such enforced halts by the way not entirely wasted.

Slowly we padded forward again, crossed—with the same pomp and ceremony—another bend of the river, loaded up once more, and made for a peak which rose (from a chain of hills in front of us) conspicuous and dominant into the evening sky.

‘Under that hill,’ said the man of learning, the Monshie, ‘lies Sawabi.’

Then the night came down upon us, softly at first, then darker and darker, until lo! we were marching under the stars. And so, after a few false wanderings, many questionings of unknown voices in the darkness, much barking of dogs, we arrived at Sawabi.

## II.

The rest bungalow was on the wall of the ‘Tehsil’ or native local court-house, so when I arose the next morning I found myself on a level with the tops of the trees, and the birds flying between them. All around, except towards the north, the countryside stretched away in a beautiful monotony of green cultivation, with little figures moving here and there beginning the work of the day. To the north, however, a tumbled mass of bare hills—peak behind peak—marked the frontier and beyond. Just underneath the walls of the Tehsil was a garden, bright with flowers, and from its recesses came the sleepy creaking of a Persian-wheel well. A couple of vultures hung high in the air, and a few fleecy clouds sailed across the sky. It was the hour for the morning stroll and pipe, so the Monshie and I sallied forth to explore Sawabi.

Sawabi was a collection of mud huts, through which ran a maze of narrow, ill-kept, tortuous lanes, and may be taken as a good example of a large village anywhere in the Punjab. On each side of these lanes ran high eight-foot walls, which effectually concealed from view anything which occurred on their other side. Sometimes the houses abutted on to these walls; more often there was a courtyard in front of the house, which naturally ran along the fourth side of the square, facing the lane. In the courtyard would be a well, fire-places, and an oven. The house itself—except in the case of the few really wealthy men of the village—consisted of one large room, which had to accommodate the whole family.

This was rendered possible by the fact that at nights the unmarried young men of the family slept—as is the custom among all Pathans—in the ‘guest-houses.’

These guest-houses are a special feature among Pathans, whether on our own or the other side of the frontier, and are a monument to that hospitality for which the Pathan is so famous. Indeed, if one were asked to mention the chief Pathan characteristics, I think one would say pride of race and hospitality. For the first one would only have to call to the nearest Pathan in sight; for the second point to his guest-house.

Every Pathan village is divided up into sections. Each section—in which lives one family, or group of allied families—has generally a feud, more or less bitter, with one or more of the other sections; a feud dormant in the case of British territory, rampant if over the border. There is in every section a guest-house, where the members of that section collect in the evening, gossip, and smoke, where the young unmarried men spend the night, and where any traveller is entertained. If the traveller is the friend of any man in that section, the friend brings food, quilts, and pillows, tobacco, &c., from his own house, and entertains his guest in the guest-house, not in his own house. The traveller sleeps in the guest-house for the night and is sent on his way with further refreshment the next morning. For this entertainment not a penny is paid, and the traveller could not offer a greater insult to his host than to offer any such recompense. In addition to families keeping up guest-houses any person of standing or wealth in a village generally keeps one also. Thus these guest-houses stand in the place of our political clubs, social clubs, and hotels, except in so far, of course, as they are free hotels. I was frequently asked whether we had guest-houses for travellers in our country, and when I had to confess that there were houses indeed for travellers, but that the travellers had to pay hard cash for occupying them, I am afraid that English hospitality did not appear to much advantage beside that practised by the Pathan. Somehow, when our much-vaunted civilisation has to stand on its merits with more primitive institutions, the comparison is not always to the advantage of the former. In construction the guest-houses are like the rest of the houses; one long bare room, with an earthen floor, and ‘charpoys’ ranged along the sides.

It was into one of these guest-houses that the Monshie and I turned. It belonged to the family of a Havildar in my regiment on leave, so the usual Pathan greeting was more than usually

effusive. 'Salaam, sahib. Come for ever. Are you well? Are you strong? Are you happy? Are you quite strong?'

To which I replied with the accustomed formula: 'Live for ever. Yes, I am strong. I am well. Are you strong? Are you well?'

Here we remained a short time, enjoyed Pathan hospitality in the shape of tea and sweetmeats, and again set out on our explorations.

In our walk through Sawabi we went through the little bazaar. The shops were mostly kept by Hindus, who hold most of the business and trade among the Pathans. In British territory these aliens in religion and race are, of course, protected by the law, but across the border, where they hold similar positions, and where law is not, they enjoy the same immunity. It is considered a very shameful thing to kill, maltreat, or plunder a 'bunnia' who has taken up his residence in any trans-frontier village, though, of course, 'bunnias' in British territory are considered fair game by any raiding gang. The Pathan code of honour, which is strict enough in its way, does not allow of treating badly 'the stranger within their gates.' This restriction is, of course, founded on the rock of the public good. For the bunnia is the person who has the trade of the village in his hands, and if he is killed another man will not easily be found to come from British territory to take his place. So the villagers will not be able to dispose of their surplus grain, trade will be at a standstill, and the village will suffer accordingly. In other words, the bunnia is 'the goose who lays the golden eggs'—even if he does charge very high for them—and is cared for accordingly.

### III.

In many ways the Pathan is like the Irishman. He has the same sense of humour, the same natural politeness, the same buoyant temperament, and, like the Irishman, he requires handling; he can be led, not driven. The great thing among Pathans is to strike the personal note, as it is among Irishmen. For abstract right or wrong the Pathan cares very little, but once let him get attached to a sahib, and he will do things for that sahib which will cause the beholder to marvel. Not because he sees any particular reason in the sahib's orders, not because he has any love for law and order as opposed to his own sweet will, but simply because the sahib has asked him to do a certain thing, and, from his per-

sonal knowledge of the sahib, he takes his utterances on trust. The personal government is the only form of government that the East understands; the personal government is the only one that the Pathan will tolerate. Talk to him of councils and representatives, of 'government for the people by the people,' of bills, measures, and a 'greater share in the ruling of his own country,' and you leave him puzzled, distrustful, and politely contemptuous. But put a sahib down in his midst, whom he knows and who knows him, who talks to him about his crops, and his feuds, and his other elemental hopes and fears, who can on occasion crack a jest, and can also on occasion deal out justice with a heavy hand and a long arm, do this and you will make the Pathan one of the finest citizens in the British Empire.

And if the Pathan resembles the Irishman in his general character, he also resembles him in his love of sport, games of all sorts, and dancing; that is to say, speaking generally. For every tribe is not alike in its amusements. Thus the Afridi, who has his time fully occupied with blood-feuds, is by nature and circumstances inclined to be of a silent and reserved disposition, and rather looks down on games and dancing as beneath his dignity. The Khattak, on the other hand, is renowned for his dancing, the Khattak dance being one of the sights of the North-West Frontier; while the Yusufzai, living in British territory, and so being free from the important business of slaying his neighbour, and being in addition of a lively and pleasure-loving nature, revels in all sorts of games and sports. These are many, and include archery, hawking, coursing with greyhounds, quail-fighting, gambling of all kinds, fairs, and so forth. The most peculiar, and local, of these is certainly archery.

Soon after my arrival at Sawabi I went over to Kotah, the Monshie's village, and happened to be present at an archery competition which was taking place. The idea struck me that I would have such a meeting as would be remembered in the country long after I had left it, so turning to the Monshie I said:—

'Know this, O Monshie, that on the seventeenth of this month occurs the feast of a very holy man, the saint, in fact, of my native country, which is called Ireland.'

'I learnt about it in the geography, when I was at school, sahib. It is an island near England.'

'You are not quite right, O Monshie. It would be more correct to say that the place called England happens to be situated near

the island of Ireland. However, no matter. It is my intention to celebrate the feast of this holy man by an archery meeting, for which I shall give prizes. I shall also provide refreshments for those who are present. To-day is Saturday. The feast of St. Patrick is on Wednesday, is there time to spread abroad the news ?

'Well, sahib, it would be better to wait until Friday, because on Friday all the people come to my village to pray at the Friday mosque, and after the mosque we could have the archery.'

'Very good, we will honour St. Patrick two days late, that is all.'

And so it was arranged. The news, time, and conditions of the great archery meeting were noised abroad, and notwithstanding that post entries were decreed, several eager competitors sent in their names some days beforehand. To make the occasion complete I received by the mail a piece of shamrock ; none of your clover, masquerading as such, but real shamrock picked by Irish hands on Irish ground six thousand miles away. And with this in my button-hole I journeyed over to Kotah on the day appointed.

The courtyard of the Monshie's guest-house was to be the scene of the affair, and was crowded to its utmost limits. From the poorest labourer, clad merely in old rags tied round his waist, with some more old rags round the upper part of his body, to the village 'blood' in immaculate flowing pyjamas, spotless shirt, and a fancy waistcoat ; from little toddlers of two and three to grey-beards of eighty ; all sorts and conditions had gathered together to see the fun. My friend the Poet—of whom more anon—was there ; a couple of native officers had been given seats of honour next to the charpoy reserved for me ; the old and half-blind Khan of the village was seated on the other side ; other elders had grouped themselves around ; the zawans—young men—were jesting and horse-playing among themselves ; the boys—boy-like—were incommoding their elders and endeavouring to squeeze into the front places ; all the world, in fact, was there, but not his wife. The wife does not appear—in the East—on these occasions.

The Monshie was Clerk of the Course, so to speak. He entered the names of the competitors, put down their scores, called them up in turn, and generally made himself useful. Any doubtful points were referred to the Subadar, who sat at my right hand, and who was now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of the retired native officer.

The method of archery practised by the Yusafzais is, I should imagine, peculiar to themselves. The bows are about five feet



long, and of a stiffness equal to the old 'longbows,' as I can testify from practical experience. The arrows are of a still more weighty kind, and are fully six feet long. At the end of each arrow is an iron disc, about two inches in diameter. The target—a wooden peg painted white—is placed in a projection from the wall, made of mud, about thirty feet from the shooting point. The object of the archer is to drive the wooden peg into the wall. As a rule the archers are divided into separate parties, the losing party 'standing' the victorious one a feast. In the St. Patrick's day shoot, however, I introduced the innovation of each man shooting for himself, five shots; the most number of hits of course to win. There was a first, second, and a third prize, so all had a chance.

'All the people who are going to shoot have given me their names, sahib. Shall they begin?' asked the Monshie, notebook in hand, full of importance.

'One minute, Monshie,' I said. 'I wish to make a little speech.'

'O young men, do not make a noise, the sahib wishes to say a few words. O boys, do you wish to get beaten, shameless ones that you are, that you make a noise when the sahib wishes to speak?—Silence, O people, silence.'

'O Pathans,' I said, 'there are two reasons for this merry-making. One is that I wish to see how well you can shoot with the bow and arrow; the other, that this is a celebration for a very holy man who used to live in my country in days gone by. His day occurred two days ago, but I have fixed the celebration for to-day because more of you could attend it on account of coming to pray at the Friday mosque. Now this saint's name was Patrick—may he rest in peace—and he was famous for many things, but what he was most chiefly famous for was that he cast all the snakes out of the country, so that up to this day there is no longer a snake there. You see that in my coat there is a piece of green grass. Now that grass is of such a sort that it grows nowhere but in my native land, and it has been sent to me all the way from there, by my countrymen. And this is the custom of sahibs who belong to that country that when they celebrate the day of the great St. Patrick, they wear that little piece of grass. Let the shooting begin.'

Perhaps the speech was not quite as fluent as I have written it; doubtless there were many grammatical mistakes in it, nevertheless, its effect could not have been better if Ulysses of the Silver Tongue had spoken. The Pathan has a great reverence for holy men,

especially those who are dead, and this Patrick, with his power over snakes, was just the person to appeal to them. One heard little murmurs run through the crowd.

'Wah, wah, he must have been a strong man that Patrick. To have power over snakes—O Mullah sahib, is this Patrick mentioned in the holy Koran? It is a suitable idea that one should wear the grass of one's native land when one is far away from it. Think you, if I said a prayer to this Patrick that he would direct my arrow straight? Not so, Mir Akbar, nothing would do that; even the Prophet himself, on whom be peace, would find that difficult.'

Then forward came the bowmen and delivered their shots 'right yeomanly.' Up would go the bow, up and up, back would go the great arrow, back and back while the muscles stood out like whip-cord under the brown skin; slowly, very slowly, the bow would be lowered, and a moment's pause given for aiming; then whizz, phut, and the arrow would be brought up sharp and quivering against the wall, while a low buzz, congratulatory or commiserating, would indicate a hit or a miss.

There was only one Robin Hood amongst them who succeeded in scoring a 'possible'; but there were several of the 'merry men' who got four out of the five, and these latter shot again, until at last the second and third prizes were decided.

Meanwhile the creature comforts were not forgotten. Many hookahs bubbled amicably among the spectators; and great trays of tea-cups were handed about, with bowls of sweetmeats and plates of native biscuits.

One of the last to shoot was an old man who had been a noted marksman in his day. He came forward somewhat reluctantly, urged on by the requests of his cronies, and shook his head sadly as he bent the bow.

'O sahib,' he said, 'if I were forty years younger, aye, and thirty years too, I would show these young fellows how to shoot, but now——'

Nevertheless, the dimmed eyes cleared and shone as they gazed along the arrow; the old hands ceased to quiver as they grasped the bow; the old body straightened as it felt the familiar strain; and the gnarled muscles stretched themselves to the call of the old man's brain. His misses—they were only two—were followed by a sympathetic silence, and his hits with the wildest applause—nowhere does old age receive greater veneration than among Pathans.

He turned to me when he had finished, the flush still in his face. 'Sahib,' he said pathetically, 'for a minute I thought I was young again.'

'When I am of your age,' I answered, 'may Allah give me strength to pull a bow as you can,' and the old fellow went back to his cronies highly pleased.

The last arrow hit the mark amid the plaudits of the crowd, the evening shadows thickened into night, and the courtyard slowly emptied itself.

Thus by a people who knew him not, who professed not his religion, and who were of a different race; his high priest a subaltern in the Jodhpores with a piece of shamrock stuck in his button-hole; his temple the courtyard of a Pathan village, was Saint Patrick commemorated in the year of grace nineteen hundred and nine in the village of Kotah in the North-West Frontier Province of India.<sup>1</sup>

#### IV.

As a rule after dinner in the evening I used to stroll down to one of the guest-houses, accompanied by either the Orderly or the Monshie. When I shut my eyes I can still call up the scene. The strange medley of figures on which—by the light of the solitary lantern—a thousand fantastic shadows came and went; the dark corners of the room from which voices came, but where their owners remained unseen; the soft snoring of the hookahs; and myself—an incongruous figure in this scene from the 'Arabian Nights'—pipe in mouth, seated on a charpoy.

The conversations were very catholic in their range, and included most subjects on, above, or under the earth. Sometimes we told each other tales, my repertoire including Stevenson's 'Bottle Imp,' which was much appreciated; sometimes we discussed the crops, sometimes love and war; sometimes theology was thrown on the board; at others I could tell them of the wonders of England, and

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above a rather curious proof of the popularity of the St. Patrick's Day Archery Meeting has come to my knowledge. It appears that the Thana-Dar (police sergeant in Sawabi) told the Deputy Commissioner that he was afraid that there would be trouble in Kotah, as some wandering 'young sahib,' who, he hinted 'in the politest manner in the world,' was rather madder than even most 'young sahibs'—had instituted a great Archery Meeting, with prizes. This meeting had given such an impetus to the sport, and there was so much keenness displayed among the local marksmen, that he was afraid that fracas might arise from it! Up to date, however, his prognostications have not been fulfilled.

of the great town called London, to which Peshawar "even" was as a small village (though this they evidently took *cum grano*). All was fish that came to our net.

'Sahib,' some old grey-beard would say, 'you ask us about feuds. Well, what do men all over the world fight about? Only three things, Women, Land, and Money. Money, Land, and Women, these are the three causes of fighting. We Yusafzais, who live in British territory, do not fight as a rule, we have to take our cases to court; but across the border, the feud about land, sahib, is generally over the boundary between adjoining lands. One man shifts the boundary stones, his neighbour objects. They quarrel; one kills the other. The relations of the murdered man take up the quarrel; the relations of the murderer band together to help him. So a tribal feud is started. Or perhaps one tribe seizes a piece of land belonging to a weaker tribe. The weaker tribe secures allies; and many men are killed over a piece of land which is not worth a hundred rupees.

'Then, as to money, sahib. One man lends another man money, the other man will not pay back; they quarrel. Perhaps one shoots the other, and a feud starts. Or perhaps one man will not pay the full price for land, or cattle, which he has bought; there is a quarrel, and a feud starts according to custom.

'Then, as to women, sahib. Well, where there is woman there is trouble, and yet without her—I am old now, sahib, and should be thinking of my latter end, but I am not so old but that I cannot remember the time when I too was willing to make just as great a fool of myself for a pretty face as any of these zawans [young men] you see about me. Where there is woman there is trouble, and so one day somebody goes off with somebody else's wife. The husband goes after them, and if he finds them he kills them both. Or perhaps he gets killed. If he kills his wife's lover, perhaps the dead man's friends set about to avenge him. If the husband is killed, the husband's friends seek vengeance. Sometimes it happens that some young man has an intrigue with somebody's daughter; there again there is killing. It is the same everywhere, sahib, a woman at one end of the affair and trouble at the other.'

'But peace can be made between two factions?'

'Oh, yes, sahib, peace can be made. Over the border they have a regular custom for such matters—so much money for a murdered man, so much for a wounded, so much for a woman carried off, and so forth. If the injured parties are rich they refuse

to take the compensation ; if poor, they sometimes take it, and make peace.'

'Is peace often made when a woman goes off with her lover ?'

'Well, sahib, the husband hardly ever makes peace with the lover ; they remain enemies until one of them dies, for it is considered a shameful thing for a man to make peace with him who has dishonoured his household. But the relations of the lover can make peace with the husband by giving him compensation, sometimes in money, sometimes by giving him another woman, instead of his wife, from their own tribe. In this way the matter remains a private one between the husband and the lover, and the two tribes are not drawn into the affair. We make peace, sometimes, when we want to gather the harvest, otherwise both sides would suffer great loss ; again, the members of a tribe will make peace with each other when their tribe is engaged in a feud with another tribe ; also, tribes will make peace with each other when fighting the Government.'

'How are these peaces arranged ?'

'Sometimes the people concerned do it themselves. Sometimes a jirgah [tribal council], composed of the leading men of each tribe, assembles and settles terms,' and the old man would cease and drop into meditation, dreaming perhaps of the times when he also was young and risked all for a pretty face.

Then I would put an end to the meeting by rising. 'What, are you going already, sahib ? Look, the night is yet young and I have a tale to tell you—a most excellent tale—as good almost as the tale you told us the night before last about the spirit who lived in the bottle, and the man who got leprosy. Sit down again, sahib, and light your pipe, and listen to this story.'

So I would let myself be constrained, and sit down again, and listen to tales far into the night.

## V.

'Sahib,' said the Monshie, 'don't go to N——. It is across the frontier, where sahibs are forbidden to go ; there is nothing there but some broken old idols. If you meet any budmashes they may shoot you ; and if they shoot you I shall get into trouble. The Sirkar [Government] will hold me responsible, and will ask me why I didn't stop you.'

'Monshie,' I replied, 'other sahibs have gone to N——, so why

should not I? It is only three miles across the border, so I shall be there and back again before anybody knows anything about it. As for budmashes shooting me, it's a hundred-to-one chance that they won't do anything of the sort, and if one is not willing to take a hundred-to-one chance, well— As for you getting into trouble, I shall give you a "chit" [letter] saying that you asked me not to go—which God knows you've done often enough—and that you had nothing to do with the affair, which will be quite true, as I shall get guides myself.'

N— lay about three miles across the frontier, and is somewhat a famous place in its way, as it contains an old Hindu fort and the remains of idols. But I am afraid that my desire to visit it was just as strong from the mere fact of its being forbidden fruit, and of its containing a supposed element of danger, as from any archaeological desires. In other words, it was pretty much from the same feeling which made one go out of bounds at school. A somewhat perverse spirit, perhaps, but still a very human one.

My guides were the poet and another. Now the poet was a man after my own heart; a wanderer on the face of the earth, one who saw a jest readier than most, a person of literary instincts and ability, the finest of travelling companions. Our first introduction had made us fast friends.

'So you are a poet,' I had said.

'Yes, sahib.'

'And you do no other work?'

'No, sahib, not when I can help it. I have a little land, which brings me in a little money every year. And when I am tired of wandering I come back and sit at home for a while, but not for long.'

'But when you are wandering, how do you make a living?'

'By my poetry, sahib. Everybody knows me. If I go to the south to the Punjab, I have friends there. If I go to the east or to the west, many guest-houses are open to me. Across the frontier also my friends live. Everywhere, sahib, I am at home.'

'But why do you not sit in one place, and till your land and grow rich?'

'Ah, sahib, that is not the life of a poet. The life of a poet is that he should wander in many countries and see fresh places, and people, and new roads, and that he should write down what he has seen and felt and what has befallen him on his journeys, so that what he writes may be worth reading.'

'By Allah,' I had said, 'you are right, absolutely and completely right,' and from that day forward we were close friends.

We set out for N—— in the early morning (the sun was just rising behind the eastern hills), and set off at a rapid rate, I riding, the two guides and my orderly walking.

'Sahib,' said the other guide as he strode along by my side, 'have you got a pistol with you ?'

'No, I didn't bring one with me to Sawabi.'

'That was not very wise, sahib; he who journeys across the frontier should not go unarmed.'

To this day I do not know whether there was any real danger about the affair or not. The only thing one knows about the North-West Frontier is that the unexpected happens there more frequently than in most parts of the world. Of course to 'lay out' a sahib, though a very meritorious action from a fanatical point of view, is rather an expensive luxury, only to be indulged in at the cost of much trouble, fines, and the prospect of a gallows at Peshawar jail. On the other hand, a wandering Ghazi<sup>1</sup> is not inclined to reckon up these disadvantages before shooting, especially if he finds a sahib in his own country with his own escape practically assured. I suppose, as a matter of fact, as I had said to the Monshie, there was a hundred-to-one chance that something untoward might happen. More than that I cannot say.

After about an hour's quick going, we were passing a peculiarly shaped mound on our left when the poet said :

'This is the frontier line, sahib. A hundred yards back we were in British territory, we are now over the border.'

So this was the far famed Yaghestan, was it ? It looked a particularly fruitful and peaceful Yaghestan. The sun was shining brightly, many white butterflies whisked here and there among the thick crops, the few men we met on the road were as innocent of war as any one could meet in the streets of Lahore, and so journeying we reached N——. Here a further sense of peace and goodwill prevailed. A charpoy was brought out to me with many salaams, my pony was tethered by many willing hands, and the elders and I conversed amicably. It was as peaceful as an English village on a Sunday evening. Then suddenly from a house appeared four men, armed with gun, shield, and sword. I confess the apparition

<sup>1</sup> *Ghazi*, a Mohammedan who not only believes that by killing an infidel he attains heaven, but also proceeds to put this belief into practice.



somewhat startled me, but I managed to preserve an air of innocent curiosity as I asked who they were.

'They are Zamindars,' said an elder carelessly, 'and they go to till their crops. The old man is the father, the two young men are his sons, and the boy is his nephew.'

'You have a feud, then, with some other tribe?'

'Yes, sahib. Do you see right away over there a bit of white against the hill, with a few trees around it? There is a village there with which we have a feud. We have killed one of their men and wounded another. And they have wounded three of ours; but I think one of our wounded will die. He was badly hit here,' and he pointed to his side. 'We sent him to the Government hospital at Sawabi: he is there now.'

So underneath all this seeming Sunday quiet—and as it happened it was a Sunday when I went there, Sunday being my day for expeditions—sudden death lurked behind the boulders, ready to flash forth, and the cultivator tilled his land armed to the teeth. Only a few miles away the Pax Britannica, deep and unbroken. Here no law but that of the strongest arm.

We explored the ruins, which lay on a hill just above the village, with an exhausting thoroughness which yielded, however, no result. What Mohammedan fury had left—all idols are, of course, an abomination to Islam—previous archæological parties, doubtless more authorised than mine, had taken away, so we climbed down empty-handed, and I was destined to find at the bottom another proof that we were in a land where might was right.

A body of about twelve men, armed as the others had been with gun, sword, and shield, were seated smoking hookahs. Lighting a cigarette with more nonchalance than I felt—there seemed to be more armed forces moving about in the vicinity than I exactly cared about—I inquired of an elder if they were more of his men.

'No, sahib, they belong to another tribe, and have been driven out of their own village by a stronger faction. They are now on their way to their allies in another part of the country, and breaking their journey here.'

'The devil they are,' I thought to myself; 'with everything to gain and nothing to lose, these gentry might prove queer customers.' However, I put a good face on the matter, and accosted them, finding them indeed as pleasant and as courteous a company as ever abducted a woman, burnt a village, or cut a neighbour's throat.

Yes, they had been driven out of their own village. How had it happened? The enemy had seized the village well, which was on the top of a hill, and would allow no one to draw water—man, woman, or child. Had they attacked the hill? Certainly, not once but many times, but they had been driven off with great loss. At length the enemy had offered them terms: they were to leave the village with their wives and their children; if they did this there would be peace, if they refused they would be exterminated.

'We had to accept, sahib,' an old man took up the parable, 'we were helpless. So we left our homes and our cattle and our fields to become the spoil of our enemy; and we ourselves with our wives and our children and our wounded came away. But there was one thing we did not leave behind, sahib, our swords and our rifles; and if God wills we will return in such a manner as will be remembered by our enemy's grandchildren's children. May they burn in hell!' here he spat upon the ground, and a fierce murmur went round the group.

Somehow I did not envy the enemy his stolen property; it seemed to be held under too precarious a lease.

It should be noted that the Pathans of this particular part of the border are not as well armed as those further west. My orderly, an Afridi, who accompanied me to N—, was quite contemptuous of the arming of the particular band we met.

'Sahib,' he said, 'these people are very badly armed. Not one of them has got anything better than a matchlock; that is why they carry swords and shields. We Afridis hardly ever do that, because we have got proper rifles, almost as good as the Government gives the sepoy, and what good is a sword and shield at 1000 yards? Why are these people badly armed? Because it is harder for rifles to find their way here, and because these people are poor. Now we Afridis get a large tribal allowance from the Sirkar, therefore we can afford to buy good rifles; and for close quarters we have our knives.'

However, badly or well armed, they could have polished us off with the greatest ease, and so—after a polite interval and ceremonious farewells—I was not sorry to find myself travelling with my face towards our own frontier, which we reached without any further incident.

## VI.

Our little cavalcade was once more on the road, for the month of respite was over, the day of the examination was near, and we had said good-bye to Sawabi. The poet had accompanied us on our road. He was off, he explained, on one of his trips across the frontier, and our ways would lie together for some time ; but here they separated, his towards the bare hills of Yaghestan, mine towards the fruitful south.

'And how far will you wander this time ? ' I asked.

'I shall do a big round this time, sahib,' and his arms described a portentous circle. 'I have sat at home long enough. I shall go up through the Buneyr and Swat country, then I shall turn west and go perhaps to Dir. Then I shall come south through the Mohmand country and the Afridi country to Peshawar. Or perhaps I shall come further south still through the country of the Orakzais. It is bad to make fixed plans for wanderings, sahib, is it not ? When I like a road I shall travel upon it, and when it ceases to please me I shall try another.'

'May all your roads be auspicious, then.'

'And may success lie on all your ways, sahib,' and we shook hands and parted.

I looked back when I had ridden a little way. The poet waved his staff, and I a hand, then a bend of the road hid him from sight. May we meet again !

## *FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.<sup>1</sup>*

### I.

ONE of the dearest and most interesting of them was George H. Boughton, the Royal Academician, who remained unaffected, unpretentious and accessible under all circumstances to those for whom he cared, even when they had dropped far behind him in achievement and distinction. Who has not heard complaints on the world's highway that success is too much absorbed in itself, that it has little time to spare for those it outpaces, though it protests that its heart is unchanged and unalterable? It pretends to bewail the days that are gone, and wishes them back; it 'dear old fellows' you, and will drop in on you some day soon at your 'diggings,' and when you murmur congratulations, it smirks and says, 'Nonsense,' and that there are no such times as the old times. Then—'Ta-ta, old chap!'—and off it goes in its victoria or landau, breathing a sigh of relief at the escape from further detention, and forgetting you in a flash until years hence some mischance perhaps restores you to that fickle memory. Success, we are told, likes the company of its peers in its own seventh heaven, and has its own proper apology for its choice, and it is only when it stoops to humbug that it repels.

There was nothing of that sort about Boughton. He clung to old comrades, and all he asked of them was that they should be interesting. 'All that is necessary to succeed socially in London,' he declared, 'is that you shall be interesting.' And for newer and younger acquaintances, if they prepossessed him, and had talent meriting recognition, there could not have been a more useful or a more willing service than that which he gave voluntarily in putting them on their feet.

He knew everybody in literature and in art, and everybody liked him. 'I have been sitting between Browning and Leighton, and Boughton put me there. You may think I am dreaming. I thought I was. I had to pinch myself to make sure. But it's a fact,' wrote a young American artist to me soon after his arrival in England with a

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1909 and 1910, by the S. S. McClure Company, in the United States of America.

letter of introduction to Boughton at his beautiful house on Campden Hill, Kensington.

A simple missive of that kind to him usually opened not only his own door, but also the doors of the eminent people in his circle. Things like that one had to discover for oneself, but he was not reticent about the kindnesses done for him by others.

My own letter of introduction to him, presented in 1878, at once led to hospitalities as little expected as they were deserved, and they were continued to the end of my long friendship with him. Sprightly in figure and infectiously genial and informal, he said that after the luncheon he would be disengaged and ready to go out with me. What would I like to do? Kensington was then unfamiliar to me, and I a worshipper of Thackeray. I suggested a stroll to some of Thackeray's haunts in that suburb where he lived so long and where so much of his greatest work was written. Thackeray might have recognised the neighbourhood then; now he would be estranged in it, if not lost.

So we spent all the afternoon in company with Thackeray's ghost and the ghosts of his characters, and saw him sauntering up High Street, a commanding figure in loosely-fitting clothes, abstracted till the voice or the touch of a friend arrested him and turned him into smiles. Miss Thackeray (Lady Ritchie) was out of town; she was then living in a small house in Young Street—'dear old street,' she calls it—opposite her old home, No. 13 in her girlhood, No. 16 now, which ought to be the most celebrated house of all London, for there 'Vanity Fair,' 'Esmond,' and 'Pendennis' were written, in a second-story room overlooking gardens and orchards in the rear. The present tenant was afraid that a tablet in front would attract too much attention, but one had been inserted in the rear wall, and Thackeray himself would hardly have thought it superfluous.

When he took James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, to the front door of that domicile he said with mock gravity, 'Down on your knees, you rogue, for here "Vanity Fair" was penned, and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself!'

Kensington Square, round the corner from Young Street, is commercialised and decayed now, but then it was select and secluded and haunted by the figures of Esmond, Lady Castlewood, Beatrice.

What an afternoon all this made for me, and we ended it at the Arts Club in Hanover Square, where Whistler also was dining—

long-limbed and nonchalant, with a drawl as sesquipedalian as that of Mark Twain. The incident that follows happened long afterwards, but I believe it is new to print. Whistler called on another friend of mine, Albert T. Sterner, the artist, at his studio in Paris, and while they were talking Sterner's little son brought out some of his own sketches and endeavoured to induce the famous visitor to look at them. 'Yes—yes—yes.' Whistler did not care, and he put the boy aside.

'Do you know, Sterner, I'm wet. I think I ought to have some hot toddy.'

It was, or had been, raining. The boy disappeared for a minute, and came back with one of his sketches in a frame. Whistler instantly received it from him, and roared, 'Haw, haw! The boy's a genius. Haw-haw! He knows the value of a frame!'

Boughton was especially fond of Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, as artists and as men. Full of gratitude he never wearied of praising Millais' service to him, and as an example he told how, when he was worried about the portrait of a little girl he was painting and repainting without getting the effect he strove for, Millais called, and, learning of his distress, scrutinised the picture.

'Hum!' said Millais, 'I know that girl, it's her mouth you've got wrong; give me a bit of pencil. This is the way her mouth goes,' and as he said the words, he drew on a piece of paper the correct lines. 'That's the only thing wrong with it. Put that right, and you won't have any more trouble with it.'

'Millais,' said Boughton, 'was exactly like a doctor in his manner, and most soothing. The great thing about him which always impressed you was his clean mind and his sense of healthfulness. He was always like a healthy English squire who had lived all his life out of doors.'

For some twenty years, while he was President of the Royal Academy, Leighton gave a series of dinners to all the members, in batches of twenty or so, arranged according to seniority, going thus through the forty members and the thirty associates; and to these would always be added a good admixture of those coming men who were as yet not within the restricted circle of the Royal Academy. Many a young aspirant saw a strong hint in one (and often many) of those coveted invitations of what was in the 'lap of the Fates' for him, and in the very near future probably.

The dinners were always merry ones, for Leighton was a lover of a good jest or story, and his splendid laugh was as musical as his

nature. After the artistic dinner would come the coffee in the Persian court, beside the patter of the marble fountain. And after that the guests would troop up the wide, picture-lined staircase to the vast, overflowing studio, with the artist's work on show—complete and incomplete pictures, and all the most elaborate sketches and studies for every part of the work done or in hand. Besides these studies on canvas and paper would be some others in wax or clay, not only for his sculptures and bronzes, but for groups in his large and important pictures as well. Many of these little figurines would suggest by their present classic grace those from Tanagra.

'Now, boys'—Leighton generally called his associates boys—'suggestions, criticisms, praises and condemnations are earnestly invited and gratefully received,' and there was no let or hindrance to any sound or sincere expression of anyone's feelings on the works before them.

He had one of the great, open minds that would take advice as freely as it was offered.

'I mind me,' said Boughton, 'of a rather typical instance of this which tells against myself a bit. It was the year that he exhibited his "Rescue of Andromeda." On the line and next neighbour to it I found, on the members' varnishing and "touching-up" days, a picture of my own, I forget which one. Sir Frederic was up on a staging, working for some hours in perfect silence, which I did not seek to interrupt. After a time he descended from his altitude, and taking me back a few steps by a willing arm, demanded a searching criticism.

"If you see anything to suggest, now is the time, my boy, to out with it, or else for ever after hold thy peace."

"Well, I do see one small but important matter that I will mention, as you invite rude remarks."

"Good! And that is——"

"Well, it's the insufficient-looking little 'bolt from the blue' that seems to cause such agony to the stricken monster of the deep."

"Not devilish enough?"

"Not much more fatal than a big paint-brush handle."

He laughed, and asked, "Have you any idea of what such a 'bolt,' or shaft, or arrow should be?"

"Not at this very moment," I urged, "but——"

He handed me his splendid palette and brushes and said, "Now, my son, look out for my return in half an hour, and during



that time you have *carte blanche* to create some lethal weapon that would be likely to annoy, if not to slay, the monster—no fireworks, you know!”

‘I mounted the president’s scaffold, his palette and brushes in hand, and tried hard to conjure up some deadly and worthy arrow of destruction. I need not say that this honour thrust upon me was soon observed by some of the older members, and taken to be some weird joke of mine.

“Come down from there! Send for Leighton at once, somebody!”

‘They must have thought me suddenly gone mad, as I only said, “Go away! I have leave to finish this splendid work!”’

‘They wanted to throw me out, and might have done so but for the return of Leighton, who calmed their fears by assuring them that it was all right. I was evolving a heaven-sent arrow to stagger the monster. The laugh on me came when I was obliged to own that I had done nothing to the picture except to stare idly at it. Then the fears of the little multitude were appeased and they departed.’

I never knew two men more alike than were Boughton and George du Maurier. I do not refer to their personal appearance—in that they differed—but to their simplicity of character and their detestation of vanity and pretence. Both of them were unobtrusive and inconspicuous and completely free from ostentation in dress and manner. Both viewed life comprehensively and with humorous leniency, and both irradiated a sympathetic warmth which at once unsealed confidences and penetrated the barriers of one’s reserves. Intelligence awoke and tingled and one’s humanity glowed in conversation with them, though their speech was that of the least pedantic and least formal of men, and not above a bit of slang when slang could trap an elusive meaning.

They were both inimitably natural, and that is a much rarer quality than it appears to be until we search for instances of it in an apish and subservient age.

Like du Maurier, Boughton had a very fine and discriminating appreciation of literature, and he counted as many authors as artists among his friends. Had he chosen to abandon one profession for the other, his pen could have supported him.

His letters were like his talk, unreserved and spontaneous. I quote only two of them, the longest referring to an article about him which had appeared in a popular magazine.

' 9 Calverly Park, Tunbridge Wells, July 28, 1900.

' MY DEAR RIDEING,—I was away from London (for the moment) when your very kind note came to West House, and the scorched soles of my weary feet have had so little rest since that the "happy moments" have not been mine to reply until this peaceful Sunday down here.

' It is very interesting, and most flattering to me, that you like the interview so much that you desire further reminiscences and experiences. The article seems to have "caught on" over here, judging by the dozens of press notices that the enterprising clipping bureau has showered upon me. Of course there is a lot more of the same sort of material stowed away in the carefully dusted "pigeon holes" of my memory. I could have swamped that smiling interviewer with streams of memories—vastly pleasant to me—but as to the weary and easily bored public, I—and he—was not so certain. He was of legal mind and profession, that young man, with a tendency to extract the "evidences" of things, and to let the literary qualities go hang. And what he did not trim off his editor *did*, and made matters of "Gradgrind" *fact* outstand in all their bare nakedness. The little personal incidents which he, the interviewer, extracted from me were given by me as showing the little "tides" in my career, which taken just as they happened to have been taken, instead of some other way, carried me on the way I wanted to go, instead of landing me in some backwater of stagnation. *That* idea he did not emphasise at all. If I had had the narration put down in my own words and his—with me the effect would have been another thing, if given literally. But as the thing seems to please, I suppose *it's* way would be better than *my* way.

' Your proposal is "so sudden," as the old maidens say, that I am blushing with confusion. Like the maiden, I am not *unprepared* for the proposal, as I have been writing a good deal "off and on" (all sorts of stuff) lately; but not any reminiscences. And as I so often delight in my memories of the good people—loved by the world—that it has been my good fortune to know or even meet, I think that some more "memories" might interest the world outside my own little back "pigeon holes." I saw enough of Dante Rossetti, for instance, to give a charming side of his character not enough dwelt upon by his biographers. Also of Lord Leighton—one of the most splendid fellows I ever met, and whose equal I never expect to see again. And his great quality as a man was supreme personal charm. I never thought to criticise *his* art, or Rossetti's, or Millais, or Browning's, but just to dwell on the rare qualities of character and curious incidents that *reveal* such men.

' So, my dear Rideing, you may expect to hear more of this matter from me at an early date. Just now I am resting a bit.

' Yours ever,  
' G. H. BOUGHTON.'

' 9 Calverly Park, Tunbridge Wells, August 26, 1900.

' MY DEAR RIDEING,—I am afraid I have already exhausted my memories (such as are not too personal and private) of Millais and Browning for the benefit of that interviewer. The few other memories of Millais are much on the same line (of his ever-ready kindness). There are many bits of gossip such as are given in two already published biographies. But I don't wish to repeat used-up matter. My other memories, many too personal, are connected with the inner life of the Royal Academy—so "inner" that they are not only "tiled," but quite uninteresting to the average youth. So too of Leighton. *Outside* the Academy walls he was the soul of kindness—but one anecdote would serve as a type of the rest. What took place in his own house is also too sacred (and too remote) for the average reader.

'So much for England. Paris I gave as to my masters there in the —.

'American memories touched a new field, and a name (in Gifford) that has to be reckoned with, *one day*.

'My Durand experience (there was only one) I also gave to the —. Page I never met. *Voilà !*

'Many salutations to you all the same.

'Yours ever sincerely,

'G. H. BOUGHTON.'

Although Boughton was English by birth, and never entirely outgrew the rugged dialect of his native Midlands, his youth in New York had half-Americanised him, and he was often claimed as an American artist. Some of the best of his work depicted scenes in American history, especially those of the Dutch period and that of the first settlement of New England. The grey-green, sandy and low-cliffed coast of Massachusetts, and the ascetic solemnity of Pilgrim and Puritan, sad-faced, heavily hatted and heavily cloaked, found in him an interpreter as true and as subtle as Hawthorne himself, and he was no less successful in the portrayal of the more humorous and substantial types of New Amsterdam, immitigably Dutch in their transplantation. I think that, though admired by the public, he was appraised higher and more accurately by his fellow-painters.

The last time I saw him he was summering at Petersfield and I at Selborne, and I drove part of the way home with him through the pretty region of Gilbert White. He was less animated than usual. Ordinarily he was blithe and jaunty, with a disposition to see the funny side of things in discourse. Now I noted that he was subdued, and he spoke of the ailment which very soon afterwards became fatal. To visualise him the reader should think of a rather plain man of medium height and girth, with a round head and a nutty complexion, and merry, inviting eyes of quick observation; leisurely in manner, but full of sensibility; a man of the world but not a man of fashion, who might have been passed in the street without recognition as a man of distinction. He was indefatigable in social life, but deferred little to its conventions. I suppose there were functions at which he must have donned a top hat and a Prince Albert coat, but even in the zenith of the London season I never met him in the daytime when he was not wearing a bowler and a jacket suit of cheviot or tweed.

## II.

I often saw Archibald Forbes at the apartment which, before his second marriage, he occupied in Mandeville Mansions, Mandeville Place. Very voluble and very naïve, he poured out his experiences and his ideas with a boyish confidence that the listener could not want to do more than hear. It was not an irritating egotism by any means ; it did not repel, but on the contrary it made one a participant in the exhilaration which the achievements recounted fully justified. Does not a man sometimes glorify himself in secret and fret his soul out in doing so ? Forbes flung his emblazoned chronicles out triumphantly, and, much as you might wonder and admire, he, like Ulysses, wondered and admired more. What if he boasted, he who had done so much to boast about ? As we listened to him interest pinned us to his story, and it was only afterwards in review, when we were cool and at a distance, that we could cavil at his taste. His egotism was too young and too compelling to make any effort to dissemble or stultify itself ; it at least had the charm of honesty.

‘Sit down ! Sit down ! You’ll have a glass of sherry or port ?’

The decanters and glasses were produced, and he helped himself before he launched into his discourse, which so enthralled him that he failed to remember he had not helped the visitor when, two hours later, he showed him to the door.

He was a fine fellow to look upon : martial in bearing ; spare of flesh ; broad at the shoulders ; narrow in the hips ; round-headed ; clean-shaven, save for a crisp moustache ; and clear-eyed—a soldier in every feature. Physically he would have been equal to the part of John Ridd. But in the Mandeville Mansions days he was broken in health from exposure and over-exertion, though in one of the rooms he still kept a variety of kits suitable and ready for any sudden call to the field that might come to him. He was really the father of the modern war correspondent, and by his own achievements gave new dignity and influence to that occupation.

I asked him what he thought were the essentials of his profession.

‘There is only one thing for a new man to do,’ said he, ‘or for any man, and that is to go at once to the front and to place himself where the danger is the greatest and the fire is the hottest, and to

help the wounded as much as possible. It is wonderful how quickly the way a correspondent behaves is reported through the army; if he shows courage he is at once ingratiated with the officers and men; while, if he is timid, and thinks more of his carcass than his newspaper, he is despised and every obstacle against getting news is put in his way.'

Then I asked him as to his feelings under fire. 'I always have a desire to make myself as small as possible, and in order to keep my thoughts off the danger I write my despatches in full on the field, not making mere notes to be revised and elaborated afterwards, but thinking out the most appropriate words and putting them together with as much literary finish as I am capable of. In a retreat, especially when you hear shells coming after you without seeing them, this desire to dwarf one's self or to atomise one's self, or to hide in any hole, increases.'

As to his 'narrowest escape,' he wrote to me, 'All narrow escapes are sudden and abrupt, and have neither frontispiece nor tailpiece. It is a spasm and over with it for the time. On the Shipka Pass I was being shot at without intermission for one whole day, it is true; but when throughout that period could one put one's finger on the actual moment of narrowest escape throughout a day that was all narrowest escape and yet monotonous for want of any relief? I have cited you the most telling instance I can remember, of a "close call" lasting far longer than a momentary period, and accompanied by full and alert consciousness of every feature of the incident as it developed, until unconsciousness supervened.'

His talk was brilliant and orderly, and even his briefest letters were in good literary form. As a specimen I give one in reference to an article I proposed to him on a war correspondent's work.

'1 Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., January 4, 1894.

'DEAR MR. RIDEING.—As Millet<sup>1</sup> can tell you, the mere writing of war letters and war telegrams is by no means the "be-all-and-end-all" of the war correspondent's work. That is indeed a mere item. It is obvious that a man does not do much good, however well and copiously he writes, if he has no means of getting his written or wired matter on to his editor's desk. The accomplishment of this, by dint of *a priori* organisation, by sedulous arrangement, by constant watchfulness, and by frequent, severe and prolonged personal exertion—that is the real material and effective triumph of the war correspondent. And it is of that species of mechanism, that careful planning, that assiduous forethought, that I propose

<sup>1</sup> F. D. Millet, A.R.A., the versatile genius, who writes as well as he paints, and whose valour and intelligence as a special correspondent in battlefields evoked the enthusiasm of Forbes,

to make the theme of the article which I shall have pleasure in sending to you. You will find that the subject will not want for adventure and interest. I consider that in the Russo-Turkish War I went far to make something like a real science of the prompt forwarding of war correspondence.

‘Yours very truly,  
‘ARCHD. FORBES.’

All this had been impressed on him since his earliest experiences as a correspondent in the Franco-German war when, utterly unprepared, he was commissioned by the ‘Morning Advertiser.’ That was both a pathetic and an inspiring story. Folly and extravagance, he admitted, had ingloriously ended his university career at Aberdeen, and after that he had taken the Queen’s shilling and enlisted in the Royal Dragoons, from which he had been discharged when he started with inadequate capital the ‘London Scotsman,’ writing the whole of it—news, editorials and fiction—and taking on his own shoulders also the business of publishing it without earning from it more than bread and butter.

Then it was that James Grant, another Scot, who edited the ‘Advertiser,’ despatched him without credentials and with only twenty pounds in his pocket to see what he could of the war. He chose the German camp, and by a lucky chance received the ‘great Headquarters Pass,’ which gave him as many privileges as were allowed. He could not afford horses, mounts and remounts, which nearly all the other correspondents had. He covered the ground afoot with a knapsack on his back, ate gypsy-fashion under the lee of hedges, and slept anywhere. He had no money to send couriers back to the bases with his despatches, or even for telegrams, and no influence at headquarters through which his letters could be hastened to their destinations.

‘I have often thought since,’ he said, ‘had all the appliances been then at my command such as in later campaigns I originated, elaborated, and strained many a time to their utmost tension, how I might have made the world ring in those early, eager, feverish days of the first act of the Franco-German tragedy!’

Does that sound like brag? It is a characteristic utterance, but it is not vainglorious. He did ‘make the world ring’ by his exploits whenever his hands were untied.

Through no fault of his the despatches he sent by mail were belated or lost *en route* to London, and a letter from Grant recalling him was on its way to him, but not received, when he was approached by the head of the staff of the ‘Times,’ William

Howard Russell, with a proposal that he should transfer his services to that paper.

'It was with a pang that I was forced to tell him that not even for such promotion could I desert the colours under which I had taken service, futile in the way of making a name for myself as I had come to realise that service to be.'

Grant's letter of dismissal reached him, and he struggled back to London penniless, weary and disheartened. Meanwhile, however, he had in his pockets unreported news of great importance, which on his arrival he offered to the 'Advertiser,' feeling that he was in honour bound to do so. Grant coldly and curtly refused it. Then he carried it to the 'Times,' and sent a card by the doorkeeper to the editor, writing on it, 'Left German front before Paris three days ago, possessed of exclusive information as to dispositions for beleaguering.' He was not even invited into the editor's office, and the only reply was a message by the doorkeeper that if he chose to submit an article 'in the usual way,' it would be considered.

Humiliated and disappointed again, he took it to the 'Daily News,' and after a gruff reception by the acting editor, was asked to expand it into three columns to be paid for at the rate of five guineas a column—an enormous sum to him in those days of impoverishment.

'I wrote like a whirlwind then, and I found that the faster I wrote the better I wrote,' he said. 'The picture grew on the canvas. I had that glow and sense of power which come to a man when he knows that he is doing good work. The space allowed to me would not hold half my picture. I took it incomplete to the editor—three columns written in three hours, and begged him to give me more space.'

The acting editor glanced at it and said, 'Very good. We'll take as much of this kind of stuff as you can write.'

'At five guineas a column?'

'Yes.'

Forbes filled his pipe, and was happy.

Then the editor himself, who had been absent on a holiday, came back, and Forbes told him of the offer his associate had made. It was John Robinson (not then knighted), to whom I refer later in my reminiscences of James Payn. Robinson was of those who armour themselves against impositions on their own kindness by an affectation of severity. To Forbes' amazement he said, 'I



think not,' and seemed to repudiate the arrangement for further contributions.

Forbes could not keep his temper, and having expressed his opinion of the 'Daily News' with the utmost frankness strode out of the door and downstairs. He heard a call 'Come back! Come back!' but flung over his shoulder a retort of three words, which, had Robinson heeded it, would, as he laughingly declared afterwards, have relieved him of the necessity of ordering coal for the rest of his days.

Robinson followed him and caught him before he had turned the corner of Bouverie Street. 'Come back, man, and don't be a fool. I don't want articles written in Fleet Street. I want you in the field—to start for Metz to-night.'

And in the evening of that day Forbes, with unlimited funds at his disposal, left Charing Cross as the accredited correspondent of the 'News,' to win for that paper and himself a pre-eminence due to its liberality and that rare combination in him which united valour, physical endurance, military knowledge and military prescience with an extraordinary power of fluent and graphic literary expression.

He was too opinionated and too outspoken not to make some enemies, but none could impugn his loyalty to his employers, his veracity, his executive abilities, or that phenomenal steadiness of nerve which enabled him, while ankle-deep in blood and enveloped in smoke and splashing fire, to describe a battle as imperturbably and as smoothly as though it were a garden party. Sometimes when the battle was done and the combatants recovering, he, fatigued as the rest, but oblivious of himself, was in the saddle dashing towards the nearest outlet, telegraphic or postal, for his despatches. Little wonder that while still in middle life he broke down, a sacrifice to his own exacting and dauntless sense of duty.

### III.

Another friend of mine in those days was James Payn, then the editor of this magazine. To me Payn himself was more interesting than any of his novels, and more of 'a character' than any of his fictitious personages, though, as I see it, he was in his virtues and in his defects only a typical Englishman of his class—one of those who value above all things what is sensible and what is sincere. Patient and generous with other faults and impositions he was

militant against humbug in every shape, and it was the only thing of which he was suspicious and against which he was bitter. I write of him as a friend and as an admirer, but I fear I must confess that he discredited some things for no better reason than his inability to understand or appreciate them. He discredited the occult, the esoteric, the æsthetic and the mystical. But in that was he not sufficiently like thousands of his countrymen to justify us in speaking of him as a type? As a publisher's reader he rejected 'John Inglesant,' and never recanted his opinion of it, though he was hard hit by its immediate acceptance and success through another house. I shrink from saying how many conventional things he did not care for. Educated at Eton, Woolwich and Cambridge, he hated Greek and never acquired a foreign language, not even a tourist's French or Italian, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said. Nor is he alone among Englishmen there if we are candid. I repeat that there are thousands of others like him: Herbert Spencer did not swallow all the classics, ancient or modern, but disparaged Homer, Plato, Dante, Hegel, and Goethe. A smaller man than the philosopher, Payn resembled him in courage and frankness, and probably he did not over-estimate the number of people who admire books they do not read and praise pictures they do not understand. He did not thunder anathemas like a Laurence Boythorne against the things he challenged and opposed. He spoke of them rather with a plaintive amazement at their existence, and protested rather than denounced. At the end of his charge his pale and mild face had the troubled look of one who sees error only to grieve over it. He was never boisterous, though he had a ringing laugh.

Those of us who have the dubious blessing of an imagination nearly always anticipate a meeting with the people we have heard of or known only through correspondence, and out of the slenderest material boldly draw imaginary portraits of them which are curiously and fantastically wide of the mark. Constant proof of the fatuity of the habit does not cure us, and with many mistakes of the past to discourage us we are quite ready to repeat the effort and guess again.

I remember dining at the House of Commons one night—one of many nights—with that most genial of hosts, Justin McCarthy, and being introduced to a tall, smiling, hesitating man, who seemed embarrassed by an inexplicable shyness. His smile had a womanly softness. From his appearance it was possible to surmise a sort

of amiable ineffectiveness. I gasped and doubted my ears when I caught his name. It was Charles Stewart Parnell. I had always pictured him as stern, immutable, forbidding, dark in colouring and rigid in feature. That was the impression that all his photographs gave, for in his and in all cases photographs do not preserve or convey complexions or the full value of expression.

Of course I made a guess at Payn when he invited me to visit him at Folkestone, where one summer in the early 'eighties he was sharing a villa near the Lees with Sir John Robinson, then manager of the 'Daily News,' who was one of the most devoted and intimate of his friends. He was to be a dashing, flaring, sounding, facetious person on the evidence of a string of humorous stories he had gathered together under the appropriate head of 'In High Spirits.' I had heard something of his escapades in the days when he was a cadet at Woolwich—of how when he was stranded in London after a holiday he raised the money necessary to take him and a friend back to the Academy by playing the part of a street preacher and passing his hat among the crowd at the end of the service.

My guess at his appearance proved to be wide of the mark. The door of the cab which met me at the station was opened by one who had all the marks of a scholarly country parson, or a school-master—a pale, studious, almost ascetic face, with thin side-whiskers, spectacled eyes, and a quiet, entreating sort of manner. And his clothes were in keeping with the rest—a jacket suit of rough black woollen cloth, topped by a wide-brimmed, soft felt, clerical-looking hat. This was Payn. His appearance, however, was deceptive. He was neither ascetic nor bookish, and his pallor came from the ill-health which even then had settled upon him in the form of gout and deafness. His spirits were unconquerable. He made light of his sufferings, as, for instance, when speaking of his deafness he said that while it shut out some pleasant sounds it also protected him from many bores. He loved a good story, and had many good stories to tell. It was almost impossible to bring up any subject that he would not discuss with whimsical humour, and his point of view, always original and independent, was untrammelled by any sense of deference to the opinion of the majority.

One day the three of us drove over to Canterbury, and with much persuasion Sir John and I induced him to go with us to the cathedral. While the verger showed us the sights, and we became absorbed in them, Payn dragged behind. We stood at the foot of the steps worn deep by the pilgrims to Becket's shrine. He was

sighing with fatigue and heedless of the verger's reproving eye. Then we heard a whisper : ' How I'd like to sit on a tomb and smoke a pipe ! '

After the visit to Folkestone I was seldom in London during the rest of his life without seeing him, with his devoted wife and girls, one of whom married Mr. Buckle, the editor of the ' Times,' at his home in Warrington Crescent or at his office in Waterloo Place. He was then editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, and his room was more like a pleasant study than a place of business. A fire was glowing in the grate even on warm days, and in the afternoons the fragrance of tea sometimes mingled with that of tobacco. He lived by the clock. His forenoons were given to his editorial work. Then came luncheon at the Reform Club and an invariable game of whist—the same players, day after day, year in year out ; another hour or so at the office, and then a cab to Warrington Crescent.

One day an unannounced caller who had managed to evade the porter downstairs opened Payn's door. His hair was long and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of papers in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up.

' Well, sir ? '

' I've brought you something about Sarcoma and Carcinoma.'

' We are overcrowded with poetry—couldn't accept another line, not if it were by Milton.'

' Poetry ! ' the caller flashed. ' Do you know anything about Sarcoma and Carcinoma ? '

' Italian lovers, aren't they ? ' said Payn imperturbably.

The caller retreated with a withering glance at the editor. Under the same roof as the CORNHILL was the office of a medical and surgical journal, and it was this that the caller sought for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names, which, with a layman's ignorance, Payn ascribed to poetry. He was always playful, but it is not for me to prove his stories, and others will lose rather than gain by insisting on evidence.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

# THE OSBORNES.<sup>1</sup>

BY E. F. BENSON.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE question of the title had at length been settled: the simplest solution was felt to be the best; and Mrs. Osborne need not have felt so strange at the thought of changing her name, for she only changed the 'Mrs.' into 'Lady.' The eminently respectable name of Osborne, after all, was associated, as seen on the labels in the fish market at Venice, with the idea of hardware all the world over, a thing which Mr. Osborne had been anxious to 'bring in,' and, at the same time it had a faintly territorial sound. Lady Osborne, however, was a little disappointed; she would so much have enjoyed the necessity of getting quantities of table linen with the new initial worked on it. As it was, it was only necessary to have a coronet placed above it. Indeed, within a week coronets blossomed everywhere, with the suddenness of the coming of spring in the south—on the silver, on the hot-water cans, on writing paper and envelopes, on the panels of carriages and cars, and an enormous one, cut solid in limestone (the delivery of which seriously impeded for a while the traffic in Park Lane), was hoisted into its appropriate niche above the front door of No. 92 by the aid of a gang of perspiring workmen and a small steam-crane. It had been a smart morning's work, so said Lord Osborne, who looked out from the Gothic windows of his snugery every now and then to see how it was getting on; and it became even smarter in the afternoon when gold-leaf had been thickly laid on it.

It was on the evening of that day that Lady Osborne had only a family party. She had planned that from the very beginning of the settlement of the summer campaign, had declined a very grand invitation indeed in order not to sacrifice it, and was going to send it to the 'Morning Post' and other papers, just as if it had been a great party. Lady Austell was there and Jim, Dora and Claude, Uncle Alf, Per and Mrs. Per, and her husband and herself. That was absolutely all, and there was nobody of any

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1910, by E. F. Benson, in the United States of America.

description coming in afterwards ; nor was any form of entertainment, except such as they would indulge in among themselves, to be provided. The idea was simply to have a family gathering, and not heed anybody else, for just this one evening : to be homely and cosy and comfortable.

So there they all were, as Lady Osborne thought delightedly to herself, as she sat down with Jim on her right and Alfred on her left, just a family party, and yet they were all folk of title now except Alfred. It showed that money was not everything, for Alfred was the richest of them all, while the Austells, who were the 'highest,' were also the poorest. She had looked forward immensely to this evening, but not without trepidation, for if Alfred was 'worried' he could spoil any party. Alfred, however, seemed to be in the most excellent humour, and when, as they sat down, she said to him, 'Well, Alfred, it's your turn next to be made something,' he had replied that he had just received a most pressing offer of a dukedom. And the witticism was much appreciated.

There was no keeping relations apart, of course, since they were all relations, and Claude was sitting next his father, with Mrs. Per between him and Jim, and it was his voice that his mother most listened for with the unconscious ear that hearkens for sounds that are most beloved. He was apologising to his father for the mislaying of some key.

'I'm really awfully sorry,' he said, 'but I'm such a bad hand at keys. I never lock anything up myself. Everything's always open in the flat, isn't it, Dora ? But I'm very sorry, Dad. It was careless.'

'Ah, well, never mind,' said his father. 'And I'm not one as locks up overmuch either. Give me the key of my wine cellar and my cash box, and the drawer of your mother's letters to me when I was a-courting her, and the Tantalus, and the drawer where I keep my cheque-book and cash box, and I don't ask for more. I'm no jailer, thank Heaven ! But don't you even have a key to your cellar, my boy ?'

'Oh, I suppose there is one, and I suppose Parker has it,' he said.

Jim, too, had caught some of this and turned to Lady Osborne.

'By Jove ! that's so like Claude,' he said.

Lady Osborne beamed delightedly on him.

'Well, and it is,' she said. 'There never was a boy so free with his things. Lor ! he used to get into such hot water with his

father when first he went to Oxford. There was no question, as you may guess, of his being kept short of money, but naturally his father wanted to hear where it went, and there's no denying he was a bit extravagant when he first went up, as they say. But when Claude got his cheque-book, to look where and how it had all gone, why, there wasn't as much as a date or anything on one of the bits you leave in. I never can remember the name.'

'Counterfoils?' suggested Jim.

'Yes, to be sure. And I'll be bound he doesn't enter half of them now. And his uncle here played him a trick the other day—didn't pay in his quarter's allowance, did you, Alf? And Claude never knew till he was told; just said he was hard up and didn't know why, bless him. Well, he being his father's son, it would be queer if he was tight-handed.'

Jim laughed.

'I shall be down on Mr.—Lord Osborne like a knife,' he said, 'if he doesn't pay me his rent.'

'I'll be bound you will, and quite right too, for money is money when all's said and done,' said Lady Osborne cordially. 'Well, I'm sure that sea-trout is very good. I feel as I can take a mouthful more, Thoresby; and give Lord Austell some more. I'm sure I can tempt you, Lord Austell.'

'Nothing easier,' said Jim.

Uncle Alf came and sat next Dora in the drawing-room when, after a rather prolonged discussion of the '40 port, the gentlemen joined the rest of the circle again.

'I came up here from Richmond, making no end of smart speeches in the carriage, my dear,' he said, 'in order to make Maria and Eddie jump, but I've not said one. She's a good old sort is Maria, and she was enjoying herself so. My dear, what's that great big gold thing they've put up above the front door?'

'Oh! a coronet, I think,' said Dora.

'I thought it was, but I couldn't be sure. Lord, what a set out! But those two are having such a good time. I hadn't the heart to make them sit up. And I daresay they've got a lot of men in the House of Lords not half so honest as Eddie.'

'I should never have forgiven you, Uncle Alf,' said she, 'if you'd vexed them.'

'Well, it's a good thing I didn't, then,' said he. 'And what's going to happen now? You don't mean to say Mrs. Per's going to sing?'



It appeared that this was the case. Naturally she required a certain amount of pressing, not because she had any intention of not singing, but because a little diffidence, a little fear that she had been naughty, and hadn't sung for weeks, was the correct thing.

Uncle Alfred heard this latter remark.

'She's been practising every day. Per told us in the dining-room,' he said. 'Lord, if Sabinecourt would paint her as she looks when she sings I'd give him his price for it. That woman will give me the indigestion if I let my mind dwell on her.'

Mrs. Per sang with a great deal of expression such simple songs as did not want much else. Indeed, her rendering of 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be cle-he-ver,' was chiefly expression. There was a great deal of expression, too, in the concluding line, which she sang with her eyes on the ceiling and a rapt smile playing about her tight little mouth. 'One lornng sweet sorng,' she sang on a quavering and throaty F: 'One lornng sweet sorng.' And she touched the last chord with the soft pedal down and continued smiling for several seconds, with that 'lost look,' as Per described it, 'that Lizzie gets when she is singing.'

Her mother-in-law broke the silence.

'If that isn't nice!' she said. 'And I declare if I know whether I like the words or the music best. One seems to fit the other so. Lizzie, my dear, you're going to give us another, won't you now?'

Lizzie had every intention of doing so, but again a little pressing was necessary, and she finally promised to sing once more, just once, if Claude would 'do' something afterwards. So she ran her hands over the keys, and became light and frolicsome, and sang something about a shower and a maid and a little kissing, which was very pretty and winsome. After that she sang again and again.

Jim had seated himself opposite Dora, and in the middle of this their eyes met for a moment. A faint smile quivered on the corner of Jim's mouth, but the moment after Mrs. Per came to the end of a song and he warmly complimented her. Eventually she left the piano and called upon Claude for the fulfilment of his promise.

Claude on occasion recited; he did so now. The piece he chose was a favourite of his father's, a little hackneyed, perhaps, for it was 'The Sands of Dee,' and Lord Osborne blew his nose when it was finished.

'Thank ye, my boy,' he said. 'You said that beautiful. Just to think of it, poor thing, her caught by the tide like that, and her

hair getting into the salmon nets. I'm glad we didn't have that before dinner. I couldn't have eaten a morsel of that salmon.'

'My dear, you're so fanciful,' said his wife, 'and it was sea-trout. But Claude said it beautiful. I'm sure I've heard them at the music-halls, often and often, not half so good as that, for all that they are professionals.'

'So that if your uncle cuts you off with a shilling, Claude,' said his father, 'you can still make a home for Dora; hey, Dora?'

And then Per did several very remarkable conjuring tricks, which nobody could guess. You put a watch into a handkerchief and held it quite tight, and then there wasn't any, or else it was a rabbit, or something quite different. Again, whatever card you chose, and wherever you put it back into the pack, Per was on it in no time. Or you thought of something, and Per blindfold, with the help of Mrs. Per, told you what you had thought of. And the Zanzics were held not to be in it.

After the strain and bewilderment of these accomplishments it was almost a relief to sit down to a good round game, the basis of which was a pack of cards, some counters, a system of forfeits, and plenty of chaff.

And about twelve, after a little light supper, the party broke up, Alf driving down to Richmond, and Lady Austell, who had made up her little disagreement with Jim, dropping him at his rooms. It was but a step from Park Lane there, but they held a short and pointed conversation on their way.

'A delightful, charming evening,' she said; 'all so genuine and honest, with no forced gaiety or insincere welcome. How happy and content Dora ought to be!'

'The question being whether she is,' remarked Jim.

'My dear, have you noticed anything?' asked his mother rather quickly. 'Certainly during that recitation she looked a little—a little inscrutable. What a deplorable performance, was it not? And if that odious woman had sung any more I think I should have screamed. But Dora and Claude? Do you think the dear fellow is a little on her nerves?'

'Yes, I think the dear fellow is a little on her nerves,' said Jim, with marked evenness of tone. 'Can you not imagine the possibility of that? Consider.'

It was very likely that Lady Austell considered. She did not, however, think good to inform Jim of the result of this consideration.

'And he?' she asked.

'I am not in his confidence,' said Jim. 'I am only in his flat. And here it is. Thanks so much, dear mother, for the lift. Won't you come in? No?'

'I must speak to Dora,' said she as the brougham stopped.

'I think that would be very unwise of you. She knows all you would say, about his honour, his kindness, and so on. But at the present moment I think she feels that all the cardinal virtues do not make up for—well, for things like that recitation.'

Lady Austell thought over this for a moment as Jim got out.

'You are friends with Claude?' she asked. 'Real friends, I mean?'

'No, I can't stand him, and I think he can't stand me.'

Lady Austell could not resist giving her son a little dab.

'And yet you use his flat?' she said.

'Oh, yes, and drink his wine and smoke his cigars. You would rather have liked the flat, wouldn't you? Perhaps he'll lend it you another time. He likes doing kind things that don't incommode him. I think he likes feeling it doesn't matter to him, and I feel that the fact that we dislike each other gives a certain piquancy to them. Good night; I'm so glad you liked your party. It is refreshing after the glitter and hollowness of the world to get close to family affection again.'

It seemed to her that a little flame of true bitterness, quite unlike his usually genial cynicism and *insouciance*, shone in these words.

'Good night, dear,' she said very softly; 'I hope nothing has disagreed with you.'

Jim laughed a little to himself as he ascended the thickly carpeted stairs to the flat on the first floor, but the laugh was not of long duration or of very genuine quality. He felt at enmity with all the world in spite of the excellent dinner he had eaten. He felt that Dora was a fool to let little things like—well, like that recitation—come between her and the immense enjoyment that could be got out of life if only you had, as was the case with her, a limitless power of commanding its pleasures. And yet, if those pleasures were to be indissolubly wrapped up with an Osborne environment he felt he almost understood her absence of content. To put a case—if he was given the choice of going to Newmarket to-morrow with Lady Osborne in her two thousand pound seventy horse-power Napier, or of travelling there third class at his own expense,

what would he do? Certainly, if the choice was for one day only, he would go in the car, but if the choice concerned going there every day for the rest of his life, or hers, the question hardly needed an answer. The thing would become unbearable. And Dora had to go, not to Newmarket only, but everywhere, everywhere with Claude. And for himself he would sooner have gone anywhere with Mrs. Osborne than with him.

It is more blessed to give than to receive; in many cases it is certainly easier to give with a good grace than to receive in the same spirit. And if the gift is made without sacrifice it is, unless the recipient is genuinely attached to the giver, most difficult to receive it charitably. It may be received with gratitude if it is much wanted, but the gratitude here is felt not towards the giver, but towards the gift. Towards the giver there is liable to spring up, especially if he is not liked before, a feeling compared with which mere dislike is mild. It was so with Jim now.

He squirted some whisky into a glass, put a lump of clinking ice into it, and added some Perrier water. All these things were Claude's, so was the chair in which he sat, so was the cigar, the end of which he had just bitten off. This latter operation he had not performed with his usual neatness; there was a piece of loose leaf detached, which might spoil the even smoking of it, and he threw it away and took another. They were all Claude's, and if his drinks and his cigars had been made of molten gold, Jim felt he would sit up till morning, even at the cost of personal inconvenience, in order to consume as much as possible of them. The evening too, 'the charming, pleasant party,' of which his mother had spoken so foolishly, had enraged him. There had been all there that money, the one thing in the world he desired so much, could possibly buy, and they had found nothing better to do than listen to ridiculous songs, hear an unspeakable recitation, and play an absurd round game. He hated them all, not only because they were rich, but because they were ill-bred and contented. Jovial happiness (the more to be resented because of its joviality), a happiness, he knew well, that was really independent of money, trickled and oozed from them like resin from a healthy fir tree; happiness was their sap, their life; they were sticky with it. And he was afraid he knew where that came from; it came not only from their good digestions, but from their kindness, their simplicity, their nice natures. But if he at this moment had the opportunity of changing his own nature with that of any of these Osbornes, to take their kindness, their

joviality, their simple contentment with and pleasure in life, with all their wealth thrown in, he would somehow have preferred himself with all his disabilities and poverty. There was something about them all, some inherent commonness, that he would not have made part of himself at any price. Only a day or two ago he had been telling Dora to put the purse-holders in a good temper at whatever cost, not to mind about their being 'not quite'—and now he saw her difficulty. It was not possible even to think of them in a humorous light; they were awful grotesques, nightmares, for all their happiness and wealth, if you were obliged to have much to do with them.

Jim finished his whisky and took more. Of all those tragic and irritating figures, the one who appeared to him most deplorable and exasperating was Claude, on whom he was living at this moment, and on whom he proposed to live till the end of the month. After that he would no doubt search out some means of living on him further. Rich people were the cows provided for the poorer. It was quite unnecessary, because you fattened on their milk, to like them. You liked their milk, not them. And it was this very thing, this fact of his own indebtedness to his brother-in-law, that made Claude the more insupportable. That Claude was kind and generous, that Dora had married him, aggravated his offence, and the unspeakable meanness of his own relationship to him, in being thus dependent on him, aggravated it further. Yet his own meanness was part of Claude's offence; he would not have felt like this towards a gentleman. But Claude, as he had said long ago to his mother, was a subtle cad, the worst variety of that distressing species. So he lit another of his cigars.

The butt of the one he had just thrown away had fallen inside the brass fender, and the Persian rug in front of the fender had been pulled a little too far inwards, so that its fringe projected inside. The smouldering end fell on to this fringe, and Jim watched it singe the edge of the rug without getting up to take it off, justifying himself the while. The interior of a fender was a proper receptacle for cigar ends, and if the edge of a rug happened to be there too it was not his fault. And the fact that he sat and watched it being singed was wholly and completely symptomatic of his state of mind. He liked seeing even an infinitesimal deterioration of Claude's property. What business had Claude with prints and Persian rugs and half-filled-in cheque-books? He was generous because the generosity cost him absolutely nothing.

Had Jim been able to hear the conversation that took place in the drawing-room of No. 92 after he and his mother had gone, his evil humour would probably have been further accentuated. Lord Osborne started it.

'Well, give me a family party every night,' he said, 'and I ask for nothing more, my lady, though, to be sure, I like your grand parties second to none. Dora, my dear, that brother of yours is a sharp fellow. He beat us all at our round game. I hope he's comfortable in your flat, eh, Claude? You've left some cigars and suchlike, I hope, so that he won't wish to turn out, saying there's more of comfort to be had at his club.'

Claude reassured his father on this point, and Mrs. Per glided up to Dora. She usually glided.

'What a dear Lord Austell is, Dora!' she said. 'And so aristocratic-looking. I wish I had a brother like that. Do you think that he liked my little songs? Per and I wondered if he would come down to Sheffield in the autumn. Per has some good shooting, I believe, though I can't bear the thought of it. Poor little birds! to be shot like that when they're so happy. I always stop my ears if they are shooting near the house.'

'Lizzie, my dear, you're too kind-hearted,' said Lady Osborne. 'What would our dinners be like if it wasn't for the shooting? Perpetual beef and mutton, nothing tasty.'

Mrs. Per wheeled round with a twist of her serpentine neck.

'Ah, but you can never have read that dear little story by Gautier—or is it Daudet?—about the quails,' she said. 'I have never touched a quail since I read it. But Lord Austell, dear Dora. We were going to have a little party, very select, about the middle of September, and Per and I wondered if Lord Austell would come. There are the races, you know, for two days, and with two days' shooting, and perhaps an expedition to Fontaines, I think he might like it. He told me he was so interested in antiquities. And if you and Claude would come too—'

Mrs. Per broke off in some confusion. She had forgotten for the moment. And she drew Dora a little aside.

'Dear Dora,' she said, 'I quite forgot. Quite, quite, quite! So stupid! But Claude, perhaps, if all is well? They are great friends, are they not? Claude told me that Lord Austell was keeping his flat warm for him. So kind and so nice of Claude to lend it, too, of course.'

Then Lord Osborne's voice broke in again.

'Yes, the family party is the party to my mind,' he said. 'No pomp; just a plain dinner, and a song, and a conjuring trick, and no fatigue for my lady, with standing up and saying "Glad to see you" a thousand times—not but what she isn't glad, as we all are to see our friends; but Lord, Mrs. O.—I beg your pardon, my lady—how nice to have a quiet evening such as to-night, with my Lady Austell and her son just dropping in neighbour-like, and no bother to anybody. Per, my boy, you've made a conquest of Lord Austell; he was wrapped up in your tricks, and each puzzled him more than the last. As he said to me, "You don't know what to expect: it may be an egg, or a watch, or the ten of spades."'

'Well, I expect it would take a professional to see through my tricks,' said Per; 'and even then I'd warrant I'd puzzle him as often as not. There's a lot of practice goes to each, and there's many evenings, when Lizzie and I have been alone, when we've gone through them, and she pulled me up short if ever she saw, so I might say, the wink of a shirt cuff. But they went off pretty well to-night, though I say that who shouldn't.'

'And I'm sure I don't know what pleased me best to-night,' said Lady Osborne, 'whether it was the conjuring tricks, or Lizzie's singing, or the "Sands of Dee," or the round game. Bless me! and it's nearly one o'clock. It's time we were all in bed, for there's no rest for anybody to-morrow, I'm sure, not after the clock's gone ten in the morning till two the next morning and later.'

Lord Osborne gave a gigantic yawn.

'I'm sure I apologise to the company for gaping,' he said, 'but it comes upon one sometimes without knowing. And what has my lady planned for to-morrow?'

'As if it was me as had planned it,' said his wife, 'when you would have half the Cabinet to take their lunch with you, and a Mercy League of some kind in the ballroom in the afternoon! Three hundred teas ordered, and by your orders, Mr. O., which will but give you time to dress, if you're thinking to make a speech to them. But do be up to the time for dinner, for we sit down thirty at table at a quarter past eight, and out of the ballroom you must go, for if the servants clear it and air it for my dance by eleven o'clock, it's as much as you can expect of flesh and blood!'

'And she carries it all in her head,' said her husband, 'as if it was twice five's ten! Maria, my dear, you're right, and it's time to go to the land of Nod. Not that there'll be much nodding for me; I shall sleep without them sort of preliminaries.'



'Well, and I'm sure you ought to after all the snoring exercise you went through last night,' said Lady Osborne genially. 'I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it. There, there, my dear, it's only my joke. And they tell me it shows a healthy pair of lungs to make all that night music, as I may say. And, Dora, be sure as your brother knows he's welcome to dinner as well as the dance afterwards, in case I didn't say it to him. I can always find an extra place at my table for them as are always welcome.'

Lord Osborne got up.

'Not but what you didn't fair stick him over your conjuring tricks, Per,' he said. 'And did you cast your eye over the coronet I've had put up above the front door? It's a fine bit of carving. Well, good-night to all and sundry. Claude, my boy, you take good care of Per, and mind to put out the lights when you come to bed. One o'clock! I should never have guessed it was past twelve.'

The Newmarket meeting began next day, and Jim was not put to the odious degradation of paying for his own ticket, as he motored down with a friend. No more delightful way of spending the morning could be desired than this swift progress through the summer air over these smooth roads; and that, with a confident belief in the soundness of his betting book and the anticipation of a pleasant and lucrative afternoon, entirely dissipated the evil humour of the evening before. After all, in this imperfect world, it was wiser to take the bad with the good, and if the manners and customs of the Osborne family got on his nerves, it must be put down to their credit, not to the aggravation of their offences, as he had been disposed to think last night, that they treated him in so open-handed a way. Certainly they would appear in a far more disagreeable light if they were close-handed with their money. It was, of course, a sin and an iniquity that other people should have money and not he; but since Providence (and that deplorable Derby week) had chosen to make this disposition of affairs, it was as well that certain mines of bullion should be accessible to him. And here already was the Heath, and the crowds, and the roar of the ring.

Like most gamblers, Jim, though practical enough in the ordinary affairs of life, had a vein of fantastic superstition about him, and it occurred to him after the first race, in which he had the good fortune to back the winner, that his luck had turned, and he cast about to think of the cause that had turned it. At once he hit on it: he

had paid Claude back the sovereign which he had found on his dressing-table and had given to the cook. That had been a happy inspiration of his: the action itself had been of the nature of casting bread on the waters, for Claude probably was unconscious of having left a sovereign there, and in any case would not ask for it; and here, not after many days, but the very next day, he had picked up fifty of them before lunch. Apparently some sort of broad-minded guardian angel looked after his bets and his morals, and, if he was good, turned the luck for him (for this broad-minded angel clearly did not object to a little horse-racing) and enabled him to back winners. And after this initial success Jim went back to his friend's motor and ate an extremely good lunch.

Whether the broad-minded angel looked back over Jim's past record and found something that he could not quite stand, Jim never reasoned out with any certainty; all that was certain was that after that first race the carefully made up, almost gilt-edged book went to pieces. Once in a sudden access of caution he hedged over a horse he had backed; that was the only winner he was concerned with for the rest of the day.

Jim returned to town that evening in a frame of mind that was not yet desperate, but sufficiently serious to make him uncomfortable. Outwardly, he took his losses admirably, was cheerfully cynical about them, and behaved in nowise other than he would have behaved if he had been winning all afternoon. He had promised to dine at the Savoy, but on arrival at the flat he found a telephone message written out which had come from Dora after his departure that morning, asking him to dine at No. 92. At that his mood of last evening flashed up again.

'I'll be damned if I ever set foot in that house again!' he said to himself. And regretted into the telephone.

There was a telegram for him as well. It was from a very well-informed quarter, giving him the tip to back Callisto, an outsider, for the big race to-morrow.

He crumpled it up impatiently; how many well-informed tips, he wondered, had he acted on, and what percentage of them had come off? Scarcely one in a hundred. No; backing outsiders was a good enough game if you were on your luck, and also happened to be solvent.

He did not go to Newmarket next day, but sat all afternoon in his club, making frequent journeys to the tape, that ticked out inexorably and without emotion things so momentous to him.

It was a little out of order, and now and then, after the announcement 'Newmarket,' it would reel off a rapid gabble of meaningless letters like a voluble drunkard, or give some extraneous information about what was happening at Lord's. Then it pulled itself together again, and he saw that Callisto had won. Harry Franklin was looking over his shoulder as this information came out, and gave a cackle of laughter.

'Hurrah! fur coat for May and new gun for me,' he said.

'Lucky dog!' said Jim. 'I thought you never betted.'

'Oh, once in a blue moon! Moon was blue yesterday. Somebody gave me the tip last night, and I had a shy.'

'I didn't shy,' said Jim. 'Rather a pity. Twenty-five to one, wasn't it?'

'Yes; that fiver of mine will go a long way,' said Harry. 'Come and dine to-night. Dora and Claude Osborne are coming.'

'Thanks awfully, but I'm engaged,' said Jim.

He went back to his flat when the last race was recorded to see just where he stood. He had nothing more on for the last day of the meeting, and thus his accounts were ready to be made up. A rather lengthy addition, with a very short subtraction of winnings, showed him just what he had lost. And he owed nearly five hundred pounds more than he could possibly pay. The exact sum was 476*l*. It would have to be paid by Monday next.

It was true, in a sense, that, as he told Harry Franklin, he was engaged that night, though the engagement was to himself only. It was necessary to sit and think. The money was necessary to him, and necessity is a lawless force. The money had to be obtained; so much might be taken for granted. It was no use considering what would happen if it was not obtained, therefore, all that might be dismissed, for it had to be obtained. That was the terminus from which he started.

He had telephoned from the club that he would be in for dinner, and would dine alone, and Claude's admirable cook, it appeared, understood the science of providing single dinners as well as she understood more festive provisions. Dinner was light and short, and Parker, without prompting, gave him a half-bottle of Veuve Clicquot, iced to the right point and no further, and a glass of port that seemed to restore him to his normal level. What he had to face was no longer unfaceable; he felt he could go out and meet necessity.

Other possibilities detained him but little; it was no use apply-

ing to his mother for money, for he might as well apply to the workhouse ; and he could not apply to the Osbornes. He tried to think of himself asking Claude to lend him this sum ; he tried to picture himself going to Lord Osborne with his story. But the picture was unpaintable : it had no possible existence.

And the other way—the way which already had taken form and feature in his mind—was not so difficult, far less impossible of contemplation, simply because his nature was not straight, and the moral difficulty of stealing appeared to him to be within his power to deal with. He had never been straight ; but even now he made excuses for himself, said that it was a necessity that forced him into a path that was abhorrent to him. Perhaps he did dislike it a little ; certainly he did not take it for amusement. Simply there was no other way open to him. There remained only to consider the chances of detection. They did not seem to him great. The cheque-book with which he would shortly be concerned had clearly been left in its drawer as finished with, for the last cheque was used, though not the one immediately preceding it. Claude, too, had almost bragged about his carelessness with regard to money, and the truth of his boast had been endorsed by his mother only two nights ago, when she told him how he had never noticed that his quarter's allowance had not been paid in. That was a matter of nearly four thousand pounds ; this of hardly more than the same number of hundreds.

Besides, if it were detected, what would Claude do ? Proceed against his wife's brother ? He believed he need not waste time in considering such a possibility, for, to begin with, the possibility itself was so remote.

Then for a moment some little voice of honour made itself heard, and he had to argue it down. Not to pay such debts—debts of honour, as they were called—was among those very few things that a man must not do, and for which, if he does them, he gets no quarter from society in general. No doubt he could get his debts paid if he went to the Osbornes ; but that he could not do. It was much harder for him than that which he proposed to do. So the little voice was silenced again, almost before it began to speak. But it was used to being taken lightly, to be not listened to.

He was not often at home in the evening, but when he was he usually sat in Claude's room, which, though small, was cooler than the southward-facing drawing-room, and he took his cigar there now. A tray of whisky and Perrier had already been placed there,

but since he did not wish to be disturbed he rang the bell to tell Parker he wished to be called at eight next morning, and wanted nothing more that night. And then he took some writing paper from a drawer in the knee-hole table, and drew up his chair to it. He had found there also a carefully written out speech by Claude, designed for his constituents. He read a page or two, and found it dealt with local taxation. Large sums like 'five million' were written in figures. Smaller sums, as in phrases 'fivepence in the pound,' were written out in full. This was convenient. There was also a frequent occurrence of 'myself' in the speech. Part of that word concerned Jim. And Claude wrote with a stylograph: there were several of them in the pen-tray. Jim had used them regularly since he came into the flat.

Dora was to call for him next morning at twelve, with the design of spending the afternoon at Lord's to see the cricket, and, arriving there a little before her appointed time, was told that he was out, but had left word that he would be back by twelve. Accordingly, since the heat was great in the street, she came up to the flat and waited for him there.

She felt rather fagged this morning, for the last week had been strenuous, while privately her emotional calendar had made many entries against the days. That estrangement from Claude, that alienation without a quarrel, and therefore the more difficult to terminate, had in some secret way got very much worse; his presence even had begun to irritate her; and he certainly saw that irritation (it did not require much perspicacity), and spared her as much as he could, never, if possible, being alone with her. Instead he threw himself into the hospitalities of the house; looked after Mrs. Per, taking her to picture-galleries and concerts, until Per had declared that he was getting to feel quite an Othello, and performed with zeal all the duties of a resident son of the house. And bitterly Dora saw how easy it was to him, how without any effort he caught the rôle. Like some mysterious stain, appearing again after years, the resemblance between him and his family daily manifested itself more clearly.

The sight of the flat caused these thoughts to inflict themselves very vividly on her mind, and, sitting here alone, waiting, it was almost with shuddering that she expected Claude to enter. How often in these familiar surroundings she had sat just here, expecting and longing for him to come, to know that he and she would be

alone together in their nest! And now the walls seemed to observe her with alien eyes, even as with alien eyes she looked at them. It was a blessing, anyhow, that they had gone to Park Lane: the dual solitude here would have been intolerable.

She had not got to wait long, for Jim's step soon sounded in the passage. She heard him whistling to himself as he went into his bedroom, and next moment he came in.

'I'm not late,' he said, 'so don't scold me. It's you who are early, which is the most outrageous form of unpunctuality. Well, Dora, how goes it?'

She got up and came across the room to him.

'It doesn't go very nicely,' she said; 'but you seem cheerful, which is to the good. Jim, it is so nice to see somebody cheerful without being jocose. We are all very jocose at Park Lane, and Claude flirts with Mrs. Per.'

Dora gave a little laugh.

'I didn't mean to speak of it,' she said, 'and I won't again. Let's have a day off, and not regret or wonder or wish. What lots of times you and I have gone up to Lord's together, though we usually went by Underground. Now we go in a great, noble motor. Let's have fun for one day; I haven't had fun for ages.'

Jim nodded at her.

'That just suits me,' he said. 'I want a day off, and we'll have it. Pretend you're about eighteen again and me twenty-one. After all, it's only putting the clock back a couple of years.'

'And I feel a hundred,' said Dora pathetically.

'Well, don't. I felt a hundred yesterday, and it was a mistake.'

'Jim, I was so sorry about your bad luck at Newmarket. Somebody told me you had done nothing but lose. What an ass you are, dear! Why do you go on?'

Jim's face darkened but for a moment.

'It's nothing the least serious,' he said. 'I did have rather a bad time, but I've pulled through and have paid every penny. In fact, that is what kept me this morning. I hate to give away all those great, crisp, crackling notes! I hate it! And then on my way home I determined not to think about it any more, nor about anything unpleasant that had ever happened, and I get here to find you have come to the same excellent determination. Let's have a truce for one day.'

'Amen!' said Dora.

It is astonishing what can be done by acting in pairs. Dora would have been perfectly incapable alone of watching cricket with attention, far less, as proved to be possible, with rapture; and it might also be open to reasonable doubt as to whether alone Jim could have found any occupation that would have deeply interested him. But together they gave the slip to their anxieties and preoccupations, and Jim did not even want to bet on the result of the match. All afternoon they sat there, and waited till at half-past six the stumps were drawn. Then Dora gave a great sigh.

'Oh dear! it's over,' she said, 'and I suppose we've got to begin again. What a nice day we've had! I—I quite forgot everything.'

Jim came home rather late that night, and found letters waiting for him in the little room where he had sat the night before. There was nothing of importance, and nothing that needed an answer, and in a few minutes he moved towards the door in order to go to bed. And then quite suddenly, with the pent-up rush of thought which all day he had dammed up in a corner of his brain, he realised what he had done, and his face went suddenly white, and strange noises buzzed in his ears, and his very soul was drowned in terror. But it was too late: his terror should have been imagined by him twenty-four hours ago. Now it was authentic; there was no imagination required, and he was alone with it.

*(To be continued.)*



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